

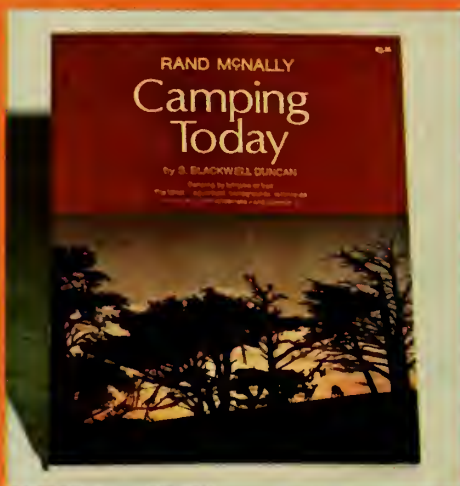
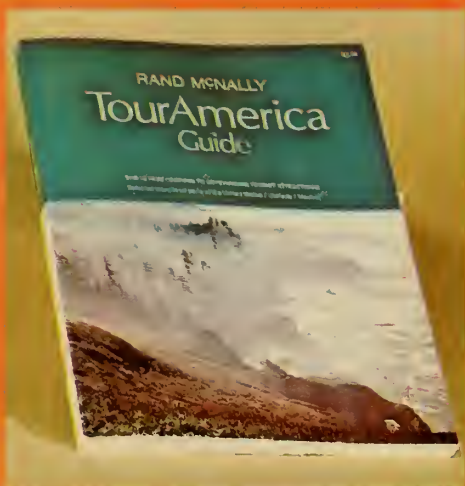
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On Proclaiming the Gospel
State Lotteries: Christians Must Say No!
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on's Northcrest Gardens

In this issue...
The Church and Low-Income Housing



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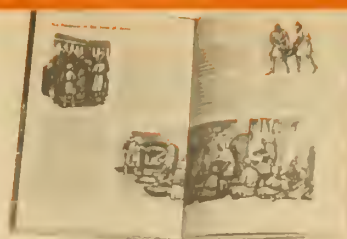
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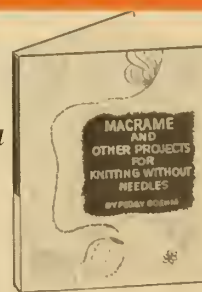
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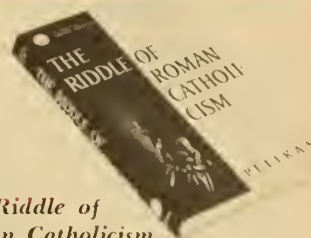
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In this issue...
The Church and Low-Income Housing

At Dayton, Ohio, youngsters play football on a grassy plot overlooking the Northcrest Gardens housing development, one of six visited by two *Together* staff members while gathering information for this month's pictorial-feature article on *The Church and Low-Income Housing* [see pages 4-10]. A shopping center is situated on another level above the playground. This housing development, like many of the others, is for low to moderate-income families.

TOGETHER

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What does church-sponsored housing look like? Sometimes it is rows of neatly painted, completely renovated private dwellings (Owensboro, Ky., examples above). In Tarrytown, N.Y. (below), it is a high-rise built on urban-renewal land. Buildings in the foreground will be razed for a shopping center. Interfaith efforts are responsible for lower-income homes (right) in Columbia, Md., a new town. Here two residents wait for a postman to finish stuffing their group of open-air mailboxes.





WHEN A GUY like C. Waitman Taylor gets an idea, watch out—something's bound to happen. The action this time (early in 1968) began with the energetic Presbyterian layman's evaluation of community problems in his hometown of Owensboro, Ky. He saw two—unemployment and housing.

President of the chamber of commerce then, Mr. Taylor thought his group could handle the job problems if churches would tackle housing. Churchmen heard about the idea at a dinner given for them by the chamber of commerce.

Housing already had come to the attention of the community. The city building inspector repeatedly had deplored Owensboro's 2,600 dwellings which were unfit for occupancy. A mayor's committee had been studying the situation and at least one church—Settle Memorial United Methodist—had discussed housing in a church-wide mission study. Still the churches' prompt, enthusiastic response must have surprised even Mr. Taylor. At the dinner a 13-family Jewish congregation promptly

THE CHURCH AND LOW INCOME HOUSING

Lack of housing for lower-income families is a national scandal and a number of churches are trying to help solve it. But building houses is not for every congregation—nor is it the only way to help.

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller

pledged \$1,000 and the Roman Catholic diocese promised \$10,000. Shortly thereafter United Methodists and Southern Baptists put up \$5,000 each. In just a few weeks \$30,000 "seed money" was pledged and Owensboro Churches for Better Homes (OCBH), representing 30 religious groups, was chartered.

OCBH's primary program thrust was to buy and repair substandard homes, then sell them to low-income families at \$200 down and about \$40 a month including interest, taxes, and insurance. This was made possible through a Federal Housing Authority program. A second objective—and this is what makes a church-related housing project more than "just another project"—was to give these new homeowners assistance in homemaking, family budgeting, and other areas of family life. Neighborhood centers, including day-care facilities, were planned. And each church in the corporation could "adopt" a family.

The corporation also established, with the Office of Economic Opportunity's Community Action Agency, a housing information office. A coordinator, assisted by volunteers, directs a number of services: listing all public, rent-supplement, and other rental and sale housing available for low-income families; counseling in budgeting and debt management; assistance in filing applications and other complicated procedures. OCBH also has encouraged other groups in federally assisted housing efforts: 308 units of rent-supplement housing; 76 public-housing units for the elderly; 200 units for the handicapped or elderly sponsored by local labor groups; and more than 500 low-income homes completed by local developers—many of these in a section of the city where housing needs are greatest. Not bad for just three years' work in a city of less than 50,000 residents.

Most of the Owensboro housing projects would have been impossible a few years earlier. It was not until the enactment of the federal Housing and Urban Development Act of 1968 that a program of direct government aid to help poorer families afford decent homes of their own was provided. The 1968 legislation provided new or improved aid to new communities, self-help housing in small towns and rural areas, urban renewal, and others. It enables churches and other nonprofit organizations to participate in planning, building, leasing, and managing housing as nonprofit sponsors by insurance of long-term mortgages. The insurance is usually for the total cost of the project, and interest charges are very low.

Across the nation United Methodist involvement in housing developments runs from projects of rehabilitating just a few homes to sponsoring multimillion-dollar developments. Every project, whether private or government financed, must go through nine basic steps. A description of the birth of Evergreen Manors in Altoona, Pa., serves to illustrate:

1. *Formation of a group committed to solving its community's housing needs—necessarily a long-term undertaking.* When clergymen began talking about the need for better housing in Altoona back in 1968, many local leaders saw no such problem.

2. *Housing needs carefully researched, defined, and explained to the community.* Is there enough housing for the poor, middle-income families, nonwhites, the

handicapped, the elderly? Is temporary housing available for disaster victims? Are local building and zoning codes outdated, fair, enforced? Altoona's clergy sought documented answers to questions like these, then began educating the community through statements in the newspapers, meetings with countless individuals and groups, and so forth. While voicing a theological concern, the clergy's main persuasive tool was the presentation of hard facts.

3. *Community recognition of needs and willingness to support solutions.* A year after beginning their housing drive the core group—which now included laymen—had gained such broad community support that housing was declared Altoona's number one problem.

Without such community support, a project is dead. In unincorporated Black Jack, Mo., for instance, church groups applied for federal funds for a moderate-income development. The 12-acre site, zoned for years by the county to permit multifamily dwellings, already had been secured. Community residents blocked the project by incorporating Black Jack, then immediately rezoning it to exclude multifamily dwellings permanently.

4. *Advice of housing experts on possible programs and approaches to the problem.* There are some 35 federal housing programs alone. Some communities prefer to work through a municipal or state housing authority. Others opt totally for nongovernmental programs. Altoonans called in Dr. Glenn Trembath, then housing counselor for the United Methodist Board of Missions (a position that no longer exists) for advice. Dr. Trembath met with city officials and the housing group, explained procedures and red tape involved, recommended specific organizational steps.

5. *Incorporation and application for funding.* Representatives of the black community and seven religious bodies, including United Methodists, formed Improved Dwellings for Altoona, Inc. (IDA), a nonprofit housing corporation. It raised some \$38,000 seed money (\$12,000 from Altoona United Methodists) and applied for funding under the Federal Housing Authority's 221 (d) (3) program, which would allow them to build and rent apartments for low and middle-income families. (The number 221 (d) (3) refers to the appropriate section of the 1968 Federal Housing Act.)

Some people have said only half jokingly that the

A secret to the success of Northcrest Gardens in Dayton is the tenants' keen sense of responsibility. A tenant council (above right) sets rules and goals. "There are lots of problems with people living this close together but they seem to want to work them out," a councilman said. "There haven't been any wild parties—least in my building—and children get along pretty well." The development's manager is John Fay (chatting with a resident at a village Laundromat below right). An ex-priest, he takes tenants' personal concerns as seriously as collecting the rent. Racial compatibility at Northcrest, where minorities include blacks, white Appalachians, and Hispanic-Americans, has been notable, the manager reports.





Galilee United Methodist Church sponsors a controversial project in Englewood, N.J. Its pastor is Walter S. Taylor, the town's new mayor. Here he inspects progress on a site where nine months earlier vandals pulled up survey stakes and bulldozed a construction trailer (below).



hardest part of a housing project is coping with the red tape and delays involved. Government officials say an application can be approved in six months if applicants know how to do it. Most applications take much longer—two, even four years. Some programs involve the completion of more than 40 different forms from preapplication to final closing. Regulatory rules for a single project can run dozens of pages of fine print.

6. *Site preparation and construction.* Suitable land is difficult to find. Often zoning laws and building codes

must be amended to conform to federal standards. And there is a temptation to accept less-than-good quality construction in an effort to save money. IDA's first development, 85 units on a triangular-shaped site on the city limits, was completed in July, 1970.

7. *Rental.* Housing is made available to qualified residents on an equal-opportunity, first-come-first-served basis. Through its first 13 months, Evergreen Manors showed a rent loss of only \$357. One hundred percent occupancy was attained in four months.

8. *Management of physical properties and tenants.* Good management of buildings and adequate social services for tenants are crucial to a project's success as a community and financial endeavor. Good intentions do not assure good management.

Evergreen Manors is managed by the American Baptist Management Corporation, an American Baptist Convention body. (This denomination is the nation's largest owner of nonprofit, government-subsidized housing.) The management firm selects and trains managers—usually people with real-estate, church, or community-center work experience. It chose John E. Jameson, an Altoona United Methodist pastor with inner-city experience, to manage Evergreen Manors. His work ranges from collecting rents, filling vacancies, and maintenance to providing programs in keeping with tenants' individual and group needs—play schools for preschoolers or job-placement services, for example.

9. *Constant reevaluation of community housing needs and appropriate additional action.* In four years IDA has spurred Altoona into building 473 units of low-income public housing and itself has built 371 low-middle-income units. It is awaiting FHA approval of another 125 units. Since there were 6,600 deteriorated or dilapidated housing units in the city in 1968, IDA also has undertaken a program to rehabilitate 300 houses in three years.

QUICK LOOKS at other ventures point up both the variety and complexity of church-related housing efforts:

Epworth Village, Hays, Kans.—Seventy-five units under the FHA 236 rent-supplement program, completed October, 1971, sponsored by First United Methodist, Hays. ("Rent supplement" means that poor families pay 25 percent of their gross income toward rent. The government pays the difference between that and the market price directly to the owner.) Epworth Village directors are appointed through the charge conference. First Church got good cooperation from Hays and the regional FHA office in Topeka. Resident managers are a couple from First Church, as are a number of the tenants.

Jacksonville Improved Living of The Methodist Church, Inc., Jacksonville, Fla.—Active since November, 1967; has built or rehabilitated 244 units and sold them to low-income families; at least one hundred more are planned; sponsored by Jacksonville District of The United Methodist Church. There have been only three foreclosures.

Micah Housing Corporation, Worcester, Mass.—Incorporated in December, 1966, owns seven multifamily houses containing some 20 apartments. Micah's funds to buy and renovate dwellings are raised through stock

sales (\$20 a share) to individuals and groups. Says the Micah statement of purpose: "The private approach has been selected since we feel that it is unhealthy for the government to dominate in the field of housing for lower-income groups, and that its activities in this field to date have resulted all too often in massive impersonal housing projects..." In its first year Micah raised \$51,000 in capital and had more than 370 shareholders. Several United Methodist churches own Micah stock. A volunteer corps works with problems affecting tenants' family lives.

Interfaith Housing, Columbia, Md.—Three hundred low-middle-income apartments and townhouses scattered on five widely separated sites, completed February, 1970, sponsored by Columbia Cooperative Ministry (including The United Methodist Church and 13 other denominations) and the Roman Catholic Church. Theoretically this should be the most perfect housing attempt because Columbia is an all-new city. In 1963 the developer purchased 14,000 acres of gently rolling, tree-covered land and unveiled plans for a city of 100,000 which would be "economically diverse, polycultural, multifaith, and interracial." Columbia (current population 18,000 has some 3,200 acres set aside for open space, parks, recreation, and man-made lakes. Still it has experienced the problems of many another American city—neighborhood quarrels, service-station burglaries, even drug traffic.

Although Columbians knew the developer had planned at least 10 percent of the city's homes as lower-middle-income dwellings, when one such development opened next to moderate-priced housing, several homes went up for sale. Lower-income residents have experienced other difficulties. Swimming-pool fees, the high cost of the city's medical plan (\$51.50 a month), and other extra expenses put highly touted benefits of life in Columbia out of their reach.

Englewood, N.J.—Two hundred seventy units for low-income families presently housed in substandard dwellings, two sites using a "cluster" housing concept (strong use of existing trees, buffer zones, staggered buildings, and so forth), sponsored by Galilee United Methodist Church. Most of the project's \$7.2 million came from state housing authority funds.

Community opposition was strong (nine separate court suits, on-site destruction of equipment and disruption of work) but was overruled by a seven to nothing state supreme court decision. The opposition was ironic in that the federal civil-rights law, not Galilee Church, had dictated that part of the development be in a non-black neighborhood—the main sore point. Planners worked hard to assure attractive, high-quality construction. Units for the elderly, for instance, have panic buttons throughout. In case of trouble the resident pushes a button which unlocks the apartment door and lights a signal light so neighbors can come in to help. About 1,000 applications for housing in the development were received. That most crucial step—securing adequate management—now faces Galilee United Methodists.

Homes of Oakridge, Des Moines, Iowa—Three hundred units on 16¾ acres, the largest housing project in the state, sponsored by the local council of churches.

Seventy percent of the tenants are on rent supplement. Management has improved somewhat since last July when the J. L. Moyer Management Agency, which has 17 years' experience with low-rent housing, took over.

In summer Cadette Girl Scouts plan recreational programs for children, for which church women provide Kool Aid breaks. Seminarians and college students also have worked with youth. An adult education program provides a home economist. Financially, Homes of Oakridge continues on such shaky ground that the FHA last summer asked the sponsors whether they would carry on or abandon it. The decision was to stick it out—partly because the new management has saved some money, but mostly because there still is no public housing in Des Moines.

Coachilla, Riverside, and Colton, Calif.—Three projects for the very poor, totaling 400 units, sponsored by



This council of churches project in Des Moines, Iowa, is particularly well constructed. But it lacks a community center, essential for meetings and other activities. There are no indoor recreation areas for children.

the Riverside-San Bernardino Counties Council of Churches (Riverside's First United Methodist is an active member). The projects were begun about five years ago. Extensive social-service programs for tenants and beautiful non-project looking apartments led officials to call this an outstanding FHA project. Then trouble set in. The management corporation encountered serious financial troubles of which the sponsors—partly because of bad bookkeeping—were not aware. Management blamed poor relationships with government housing offices, inherent weaknesses in federal legislation (no funds al-

lowed for training personnel, for example), spiraling expenses, and the destructive, uncooperative nature of some tenants.

At this writing the council of churches is trying to maintain the three projects with volunteer help until new management can be found. Government auditors are going over the books. Ways must be found to settle debts and renegotiate loans with HUD. Churchmen are not ready to give up the three projects, but their future is tenuous.

Asbury Terrace, Tarrytown, N.Y.—A 104-apartment,



Bav Vista Methodist Heights in San Diego has a hard-to-beat program for tenants. The county public welfare office, for example, assigned this multiskilled team of social workers to the 268-unit project. Sponsor is St. Paul Church.

nine-story, middle-income building; spearheaded by The Methodist Church of the Tarrytowns; occupied early in 1971. Community cooperation was excellent. The New York Society of The United Methodist Church guaranteed the needed \$80,000 seed money for the \$2.3 million project.

Poor management in the beginning (lights out, seldom-working elevators, poor security) was hard on tenants. Those problems have been corrected and emphasis now is on providing social services.

Northcrest Gardens, Dayton, Ohio—A 182-apartment-and-town house complex [see cover], completed early in 1971, sponsored by Urban People, Inc. (includes Community and Christ United Methodist Churches), one of the best examples of church-related housing. Its concerned management has developed good social services and a strong community council. Programs planned by and for residents include a "frustrated housewives" therapy group, home-economics counseling, food drive for

families low on supplies, distress fund for emergency needs, credit union, licensed day-care center. The tenant organization has one representative for every ten units. A judicial council mediates disputes that aren't settled privately. Youth are represented on both tenant groups. Northcrest residents are active in numerous community tasks, from volunteer work in Northcrest to involvement in parent-teacher groups and political parties.

DIRECTLY providing housing is a difficult form of mission, requiring a long-term commitment and often considerable financial risk. Churches working with the very poor will face the wrath of citizens unsympathetic to their project and the realization that changing a person's environment does not automatically change his life-style.

Still, the need for church sponsorship of housing continues to be acute because other private and government groups are not meeting the needs of our nation's lower-income citizens. To know whether it is really worth the price, one need only to visit a development like Northcrest Gardens in Dayton and listen to the sounds of new hope—and new responsibility—in the tenants' voices.

For some congregations, of course, building housing projects is out of the question. But there are other contributions—many just as important—that they can make. These contributions have to do with influencing public opinion in regard to housing, and supporting the efforts of others to get housing built where, when, and for whom it is needed.

In White Plains, N.Y., United Methodists do that through the Non-Profit Housing and Development Corporation, to which 16 churches and community groups belong. The corporation runs CONTACT, a community-housing telephone service which handles roughly 200 calls a month. Most calls for help are requests for apartments. The city has few moderate-income dwellings. Some callers seek assistance in the face of relocation or eviction.

The corporation also keeps tabs on city actions, rallying write-in campaigns and other appropriate action as needed. Last June, for example, the corporation learned that luxury housing was being proposed for an urban-renewal area. While commending past city action, the corporation voted "to take all steps necessary" to have apartments for families with annual incomes under \$15,000 included in future housing developments. Members and friends of the group sent more than 300 letters to the city council on this occasion.

Other Christians respond to housing crises by working in one of the 2,000 fair-housing groups in existence today, or by signing good-neighbor pledges. Most such covenants decry discrimination because of race, color, religion, or nationality and affirm the signers' willingness to "welcome all good neighbors." Some pledges also commit signers to "seeking housing away from one-race neighborhoods the next time I move."

Experience has shown that the least helpful thing groups can do about housing is to pass a resolution on the subject—a truly unfortunate finding when one considers that most denominations today are prolific writers and passers of resolutions. □



TO MY DAUGHTER

By Maureen Cannon

Would I keep you as a trinket?
Do you know the kind I mean?
Or a tinkling charm for bracelets,
Or a tiny figurine
Spun of China silk, a whatnot
For a pretty little shelf,
Or a miniature paperweight,
All grace and glow? Myself,
I might choose, were I less seeing
And you less you, to just
Insist you stay this way, this way
Unchanged, unchanging. Must
I free you? Ah, I'm teasing,
I'd never have it so,
Nor I imprison you. Small girl,
Fling wide the gates and go
With clangor and with clatter.
Shatter keepsakes, darling . . .
grow!

RESOURCES FOR THE '70s

THE UNITED Methodist Church is four years old. Created in Dallas, Texas, on April 23, 1968, through the union of the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches, it is the nation's second largest Protestant body and the most truly national of all American denominations.

From their beginnings in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, both Methodists and EUBs have measured history in four-year intervals—quadrenniums as they are called—the time spans between regular meetings of their highest delegate assembly, the General Conference. As this issue of *Together* goes into the mail, the 1,000 delegates chosen to represent their annual conferences at the General Conference of 1972 are en route to this year's conference city—Atlanta, Georgia.

Together's April issue included several articles on the possible new directions, programs, structures, and goals which may emerge from the 1972 meeting. The July issue will carry *Together* staff members' reports on what

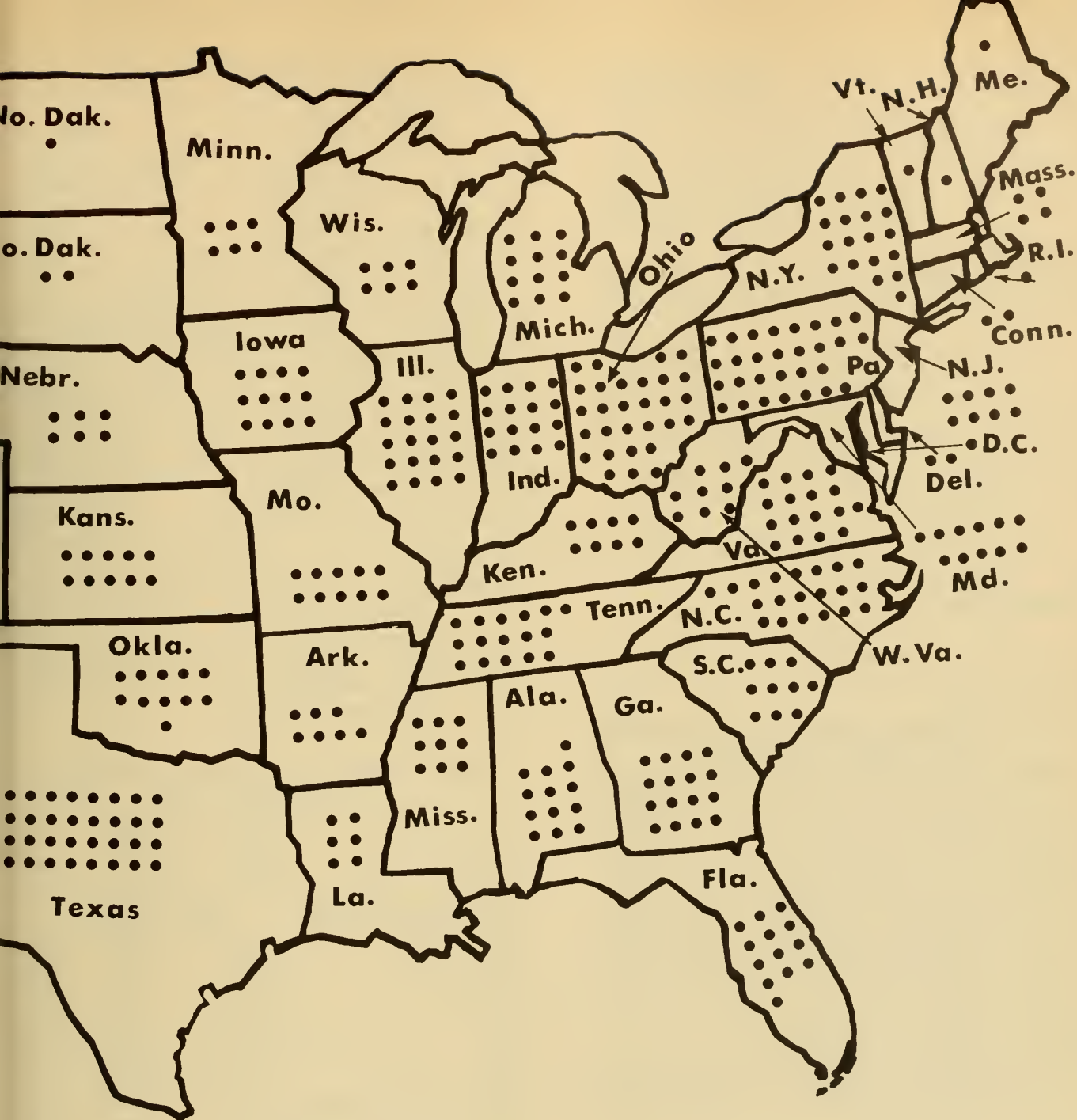


Each dot represents 25,000 members

United Methodists total 5.30 percent of the U.S. popul

United Methodist Membership in the United States

State	United Methodists	% of Population			
Texas	800,108	7.28	Iowa	308,906	11.07
Ohio	735,069	6.97	Michigan	300,428	3.42
Pennsylvania	734,362	6.29	Oklahoma	272,866	10.92
Illinois	498,808	4.54	Maryland	268,139	6.92
North Carolina	494,323	9.96	Kansas	256,206	11.53
New York	479,954	2.67	Missouri	252,443	5.44
Virginia	417,972	9.20	South Carolina	239,458	9.49
Tennessee	404,900	10.55	West Virginia	221,655	13.02
Georgia	392,436	8.74	Mississippi	214,047	9.91
Indiana	388,055	7.54	Kentucky	206,150	6.52
Florida	334,806	5.02	New Jersey	192,081	2.71
California	323,262	1.64	Arkansas	184,453	9.78
Alabama	317,849	9.42	Wisconsin	154,732	3.54



State United Methodists % of Population

Nebraska	147,900	10.07	District of Columbia	27,001	3.62
Minnesota	139,524	3.70	Montana	25,818	3.78
Louisiana	137,671	3.86	North Dakota	25,219	4.13
Washington	98,898	2.95	Vermont	24,086	5.50
Colorado	96,862	4.45	Idaho	20,218	2.90
Massachusetts	89,223	1.58	New Hampshire	16,958	2.35
Connecticut	55,279	1.85	Wyoming	13,285	4.00
New Mexico	54,409	5.45	Puerto Rico	12,296	0.45
Oregon	53,136	2.58	Rhode Island	8,766	0.95
Delaware	51,747	9.53	Hawaii	6,825	0.91
South Dakota	44,147	6.67	Nevada	6,663	1.38
Arizona	43,914	2.51	Utah	4,598	0.43
Maine	33,257	3.40	Alaska	4,154	1.41

happens in Atlanta. And later this summer, after episcopal elections have been held in the five U.S. jurisdictions, United Methodists will learn what new bishops have been elected to lead the denomination as members of the Council of Bishops and resident heads of the 44 episcopal areas.

Next month in *Together* readers will be challenged by Dr. Albert C. Outler, one of United Methodism's foremost theologians, to recognize the need for a "Third Great Awakening." Without it, he says, "mainstream Protestantism, in the forms we have known it, will not survive this century . . . !"

What resources does our church bring to the task of reawakening and renewing itself during the years ahead? Assisted by John L. Schreiber of the Council on World Service and Finance, we present on these pages a statistical profile of the church and its resources for the 1970s. Information contained in these summaries is based on reports from local churches to their annual

conferences. Latest available statistics are used, but because conferences do not all follow the same reporting schedule, totals represent year-end figures from some conferences and midyear to midyear figures for others.

Not all the statistics make for comfortable reading. Decreases appear in categories where United Methodists would prefer to see increases—in church and church-school membership and attendance most notably. Dollar figures, even when they show increases, must be balanced against increased costs of operating local churches and supporting both local and mission ministries.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the totals of both human and material resources are a still-vast reservoir of United Methodist strength spread across the nation in more than 40,000 local communities. And even more important is the resource which no statistics can measure, the character and quality of devotion to the church of Jesus Christ which, in all their diversity, 10.5 million United Methodists represent. —Paige Carlin

People

(Reported by U.S. annual conferences for calendar year ending December 31, 1970, or in a few cases, a 1970-71 conference year.)

10,474,367	lay members—162,837 fewer than reported in 1969; 280,597 fewer than 1968.
34,822	ministers (annual conference full members, probationers, and associate members)—261 more than reported in 1969; 171 more than 1968.
10,509,198	total full members—162,576 fewer than reported in 1969; 280,426 fewer than 1968.
1,774,200	preparatory members—33,647 fewer than reported in 1969; 50,038 fewer than in 1968.
215,439	Baptisms—247 more than reported in 1969.
217,164	persons received on confession of faith or restored—11,632 more than reported in 1969; 14,554 more than in 1968.
285,633	persons received by transfer (including from other denominations) and reinstated—978 more than reported in 1969; 15,164 fewer than in 1968.
270,310	persons removed by transfer (including to other denominations)—1,393 fewer than reported in 1969.
263,774	persons removed by charge conference action or withdrawn—9,886 more than reported in 1969.
40,054	organized churches—599 fewer than reported in 1969; 590 fewer than in 1968.
24,966	pastoral charges—294 fewer than reported in 1969; 964 fewer than in 1968.
3,765,800	average attendance at the principal weekly worship service—87,903 less than reported in 1969; 226,077 less than in 1968.
37,803	church schools (earlier years unavailable).
5,634,662	total church-school membership—289,802 less than reported in 1969; 616,980 less than 1968.

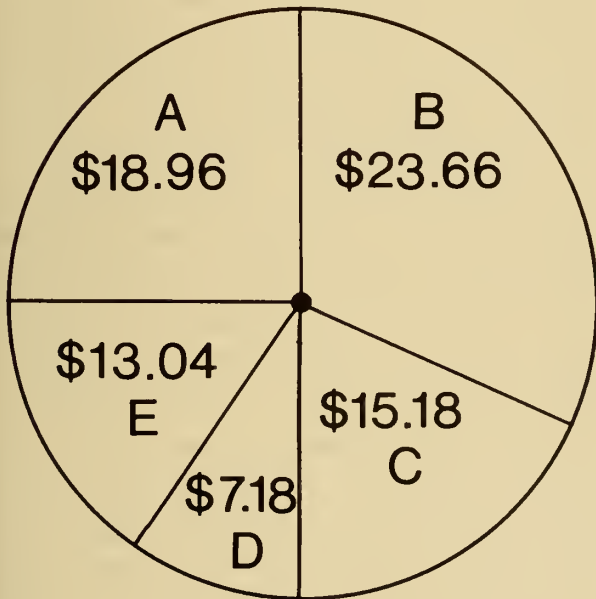
3,112,573	average attendance at Sunday school—152,277 less than reported in 1969; 352,116 less than 1968.
625,876	church-school officers and teachers (included in membership figures above)—23,555 fewer than reported in 1969.

United Methodists in Central Conferences

	Full Members	Prep. Members	Churches
Angola	29,698	18,291	104
Zaire (Congo)	63,247	58,840	662
Rhodesia	20,294	18,640	223
Southeast Africa (Mozambique)	6,370	18,040	927
Liberia	19,198	3,770	207
Sierra Leone	23,232	4,080	200
Hong Kong	2,051	31	9
Taiwan	3,673	554	16
Austria	695	398	10
Bulgaria	632	—	—
Czechoslovakia	3,000	7,000	18
Hungary	2,050	200	—
North Africa (Algeria and Tunisia)	250	—	—
Poland	4,133	100	41
Switzerland	17,000	1,350	103
Yugoslavia	765	846	—
East Germany	18,990	9,598	99
West Germany	41,365	17,684	518
USSR (Estonia)	2,206	—	14
Denmark	2,035	1,161	27
Finland	1,821	373	21
Norway	7,395	10,307	57
Sweden	7,006	1,520	110
Costa Rica	985	—	18
Panama	608	289	12
Philippines	54,276	46,113	610
India	141,449	205,702	416
Totals	474,424	424,387	4,422

Affiliated Autonomous Churches

	Full Members	Prep. Members	Churches
Argentina	6,545	3,062	93
Belgium (United)	17,000	—	66
Bolivia	1,624	748	47
Brazil	57,756	—	444
Burma	1,526	1,359	16
Chile	5,329	2,347	68
Cuba	2,666	268	90
Dominican Republic			
(Evangelical Church)	4,713	484	32
Ecuador		data unavailable	
Hong Kong (Ch. of Christ)	20,329	—	31
Indonesia	16,303	16,918	183
Japan (United Church)	204,842	—	1,335
Korea	84,152	132,039	1,409
Malaysia-Singapore	36,804	22,362	246
Mexico	25,869	7,066	146
Nigeria (Sudan United Mission)		data unavailable	
Okinawa	1,378	—	19
Pakistan (Church of Pakistan)		data unavailable	
Peru	1,642	1,100	25
Philippines (United Church of Christ)	146,537	64,516	1,100
Uruguay	2,030	379	26
Totals	637,045	252,648	5,376



United Methodist giving for all causes in 1970 averaged \$78.02 per member—up from \$75.25 in 1969. The chart shows how the \$78.02 was spent:

- A—Local church capital purposes
- B—Local church current expenses
- C—Pastoral salaries
- D—Pastors' expenses and connectional ministerial support
- E—Connectional benevolence and administration

Ministers

30,040	total full members of annual conferences
2,858	probationers
1,924	associate members
34,822	total conference membership
4,534	lay pastors

In addition to pastors and associate pastors serving in 25,250 pastoral charges, these United Methodist ministers were in these roles at year-end in 1969:

6,736	Retired
543	Supernumerary or disability leave
1,849	Appointed to attend school
4,316	Special appointments:
576	Military and VA chaplains
277	Other chaplains
186	Missionaries (ordained only)
242	General board and agency staff
582	Conference staff
1,218	U.M. educational institution staff
369	Non-U.M. educational institutions
317	Other U.M.-related institutions
258	Non-U.M. religious organizations
290	Nonchurch positions

Material Resources

	1970	1969
Value of churches, parsonages, other local property	\$6,001,195,167	\$5,749,866,893
Indebtedness	614,664,212	624,695,571

Funds spent by local churches for all purposes:

1970—\$819,945,000 (2.4% above 1969)
1969—\$800,418,000 (1.6% above 1968)
1968—\$788,024,000 (2.9% above 1967)

	1970	1969	% Change
Capital Purposes	\$199,287,000	\$197,648,000	+0.8
Current Expenses	248,622,000	239,657,000	+3.7
Pastors' Salaries	159,516,000	154,468,000	+3.2
Pastors' Expenses and connectional ministerial support	75,475,000	68,629,000	+10.0
Connectional administration*	17,087,000	14,442,000	+18.3*
World Service and Conference Benevolences*	45,115,000	49,813,000	—9.4*
All other benevolences	59,778,000	60,649,000	—1.4
WSCS payments to district and conference treasurers	15,065,000	15,112,000	—0.3
Total	\$819,945,000	\$800,418,000	+2.4

* A change in reporting procedure for former Evangelical United Brethren churches causes an unusual percentage increase in 1969-to-1970 comparison of connectional administration totals and an unusual percentage decrease in World Service and Conference Benevolences totals.

New Life Together

*Fifth in a series of Bible Studies
on the Book of Acts*

The Healing Community

By EDWARD W. BAUMAN

NOT A FEW eyebrows were lifted when it was announced that Foundry United Methodist Church in downtown Washington, D.C., would hold healing services every Sunday evening.

The historic old church had been founded during the War of 1812 by the wealthy owner of a Georgetown foundry out of gratitude for "the guidance of divine providence" during the British invasion of Washington. It has been marked by distinguished preaching and by progressive service to the community, including in recent years a deep involvement with the inner-city neighborhood around it. But a healing service! This was too much.

I had serious misgivings myself when an anonymous voice called the church office and asked, "When is that television teacher going to start laying hands on people?" This was precisely the image we wanted to avoid, but how to do so? How could we develop a ministry of healing, following the pattern of New Testament teaching, without getting ourselves involved in the fanaticism and exploitation which so often accompany this kind of an emphasis?

The New Testament mandate on the matter is perfectly clear. Jesus told his disciples to preach the gospel and *heal the sick*. Unfortunately, the modern church has rejected the second half of this imperative, preaching the gospel faithfully through the years, but abdicating its responsibility as the community of healing. In order to do so we have had to ignore not only the teaching of Jesus in the Gospels but also the words of Paul about "gifts of healing" and other direct statements on the subject which appear throughout the New Testament.

"Is any among you sick?" asks James. "Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith will save the sick man, and the Lord will raise him up; and if he has committed sins, he will be forgiven. Therefore confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The prayer of a righteous man has great power in its effects." (James 5:14-15.)

The record in the Acts of the Apostles is especially striking in this regard because the same kind of healing "miracles" which had been performed by Jesus are performed by his followers. The same healing power which had been present in Jesus is present in the early church. One of the most impressive examples of this is recorded in the third chapter of Acts:

"Now Peter and John were going up to the temple at the hour of prayer, the ninth hour. And a man lame from birth was being carried, whom they laid daily at that gate of the temple which is called Beautiful to ask alms of those who entered the temple." When he asks Peter and John for alms, they offer to heal him instead, "and immediately his feet and ankles were made strong. And leaping up he stood and walked and entered the temple with them, walking and leaping and praising God. And all the people . . . were filled with wonder and amazement at what had happened to him."



Peter then preaches to them, telling them about what God has done in Christ and inviting them into the church where the same healing power they have just witnessed will be given to them. It is obvious from this and other examples in Acts that the early church thought of itself as a community through which the healing power of God was given to individuals who needed it.

With the rise of modern medicine, however, a "divorce" occurred between medicine and religion. We turned the health of the body over to medical doctors, the health of the mind over to psychiatrists, and accepted responsibility only for the health of the soul. This was a "sin against nature" because man is a unified being who cannot be divided up in this way, even for purposes of discussion. Modern medicine has fortunately moved us toward a more acceptable position, insisting that each patient be treated as a whole person, a psychosomatic unity. Psychosomatic, literally "mind-body," is a term which emphasizes how easily mental and emotional states can cause illness in the body.

Early researchers in the field, for example, were impressed with the large incidence of diabetes in persons who had experienced a prolonged period of grief. They discovered that when a crisis occurs, such as the death of someone we love, the body pours increased amounts of sugar into the blood to enable us to cope with the crisis. In most persons the blood-sugar level returns to normal when the crisis has passed, but in some cases the grief continues longer than usual. For some reason the individual is unable to relinquish the grief and return to a more normal level of existence. During this prolonged period the blood-sugar level remains abnormally high and in many cases a diabetic condition develops. A similar direct relationship has been established between our inward mental or emotional state and our outward physical condition in numerous other complaints, including arthritis, high blood pressure, ulcers, migraine headaches, and skin disease.

When Dr. Victor Frankl, the prominent psychotherapist, lectured on this subject in Foundry Church, he told us about a Jewish woman who was suffering from a severe case of spastic colon. She said that she had given up her religious belief, but she did notice that she suffered most after eating pork. Barium X rays revealed no physiological cause for the complaint. When doctors then told her they were putting pork in the barium (actually they were not), the X rays clearly revealed the spastic action in the colon. When they told her they were not putting pork in the barium (actually they were), the colon performed normally. With a twinkle of his eye, Dr. Frankl concluded that we now have X ray proof of the existence of the human conscience.

The vast literature now available in this field has had a profound effect on religion. Not since the days of the New Testament church have we seen so clearly the major role which the church can play in the process of healing. One main purpose of the Christian community is to bring as many persons as possible into a direct and growing relationship with God. Through such a relation-

ship we receive an inner peace and harmony, a sense of wholeness, which has a profound effect upon the health of our mind and body. God's love, flowing from the deep center of our being, can permeate our thoughts, our feelings, and our physical organism. Our conscious acceptance of this love, through a deepening union with God, not only has a direct healing effect, but also enhances the value of other therapeutic measures, such as medication and surgery.

God, in his great goodness, has provided many healing resources which we use in our times of need, but the greatest of these is the power of his own presence with us. In our relationship with God we learn how to draw upon this power in such a way that (1) illness which might otherwise occur is *prevented*, and (2) bodies and minds in which illness does occur are *healed*. We are discovering to our great joy how one of the main functions of the church, releasing the power of God within individuals, has both a preventive and therapeutic value in the health of mind and body. It is not without reason that the English words "health," "whole," and "holy" all come from the same root!

The ministry of healing in our congregation began when several of us started to meet once a week to talk about the relationship between the New Testament teaching and recent developments in modern medicine. We concluded that every activity in the church which deepens our relationship with God is a "healing" activity. Every worship service can be a healing service, every study session or committee meeting a therapy session. In this broad sense, the church becomes a healing community when it helps individuals to recognize and accept the presence of God within. But our groups also concluded that a special emphasis on this primary source of healing is necessary in the church today, partly because physical and emotional health is so important to all of us.

Our initial study group consisted of a medical doctor, a pastoral psychologist, two ministers, several laymen, and a couple specially gifted in this field, Alice and Dudley Ward. After meeting weekly for several months, we organized a class and invited other interested persons to join us. The large and enthusiastic response convinced us of the need for a "ministry of prayer and health" within the life of the congregation.

Following the study experience, we organized a number of intercessory prayer groups, made up of persons willing to commit themselves to the discipline of daily prayer on behalf of others. As prayer requests increased, we learned to place persons on the prayer list for one month and then remove them unless there has been a request for continued prayer. The list regularly contains the names of more than 200 persons. All the names are read (first names only) during the period of intercession at the Sunday-evening service and the intercession groups pray for the persons on the list every day. Members of these groups have also become leaders of prayer and meditation classes which are available to church members and others at a variety of times during the week.

The special period of worship set aside for this ministry,

often called the "healing service," was slow in coming. We wanted to be sure of the biblical teaching on the subject, and we needed to examine the dynamics of "spiritual healing" before inviting the general public. After a great deal of work, study, and prayer we started holding services at six o'clock each Sunday evening. The service follows a one-hour study class on prayer and health which is available to interested persons, and a one-hour session of the intercession groups which is held at the same time.

The evening service, more simple and informal than our morning services, usually includes a meditation on some passage of Scripture related to healing and a period of prayer which is ordinarily divided into (1) prayer for our own wholeness, (2) prayer for the wholeness of others, and (3) silence. Occasionally the service is built around the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Following the New Testament tradition, we also offer the "laying on of hands" during this service to those who desire it. In our particular situation we have found it advisable to require everyone who asks for this ministry to meet individually for counselling with one of the clergy. The laying on of hands, administered under improper conditions, can lead to bitter disappointment or to temporary cures caused by extreme "emotional highs."

Even before these other activities began, our church's interest in healing was evidenced by the establishment of a pastoral counseling center under the direction of a highly qualified pastoral psychologist. The counseling center is an integral part of our health ministry, providing counseling, group therapy, and referral service whenever needed. We fully recognize the value of medical and psychiatric resources in dealing with specific health problems.

In addition to all this, we have provided a course on nutrition by a medical doctor, workshops on such subjects as prayer and relaxation, and we have made available a constant supply of the best literature in the field. We have also developed a visitation program through which clergy

and laymen take the resources of this ministry to those who are unable to come to the church.

Finally, we have discovered that when a church faithfully develops its resources in this area, God calls forth the special healing "gifts" of certain individuals. In the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians Paul lists "gifts of healing" among the gifts of the Holy Spirit. There is no doubt whatever that certain individuals in every congregation possess the ability to call forth and transmit the healing power of God with unusual effectiveness. It is a great joy to see this gift develop within the context of a supportive community of faith. Those interested in finding out more about this subject can read the books by Ambrose and Olga Worrall, and by Dudley and Alice Ward, two gifted Methodist couples.

We still have a lot to learn in our congregation and a long way to go before we can claim faithful adher-

ence to the New Testament tradition of healing. My own life and the life of our church have been deeply affected by all this because we have seen how the release of God's healing power within persons can produce genuine healing of mind and body. In some cases an individual's situation is radically changed by the acceptance of God's power within and a dramatic "cure" takes place. In most cases the healing occurs over a longer period of time through the combination of many resources, all in the context of a growing relationship with God. But in every situation we have found ourselves drawn closer to the source of power which accounts for the incredible vitality of the New Testament church.

Because of the way in which it releases and nourishes the experience of God's presence, the community of Christ was in the beginning, and can be today, a genuine community of healing. □

As Trees Walking

By Elizabeth Anderson

He lifted his face from Siloam
Saw for the first time blue,
Bowed eyes light-blurred to the water,
Himself and a whole world new
Pommeled his tentative vision;
Sky, olive tree, ground,
Sun he had known for its warmth,
Men he had learned from the sound
Of their voices
Were his in startling dimension.

Fragile, a quick wing shadow,
Burning, the field's flower-flame
He gulped with a starved man's passion,
Scarce knew when the Pharisees came,
Brushed at the small-gnat questions
Flicking his sight-filled mind:
I see!
I see, sirs, who once stood blind!

TV & Films

CHURCHMEN have written many pages of our past history. By God's grace, they may continue.

Which is what this column is about. Surely no single factor in the modern world has had a greater impact, has wrought greater changes, than the mass-communications revolution incarnate supremely in television. Those changes are continuing.

At the end of this television season, it is appropriate to look forward and back, to evaluate—and to register that evaluation.

Last season, the Federal Communications Commission, in an attempt to diversify programming, removed a half hour of prime time each evening from the networks and turned it back to the local stations hoping that they would do something creative with it. How did it work in your town?

On most stations the public was treated to reruns of old network programs. In limited cases, acceptable quality programs were created by local stations. In others, programs such as introductory programs of *The Electric Company* made it into prime time. By and large it was not a particularly auspicious year for non-network-produced, prime-time programs. But it was just the first year of the experiment. Should it be continued?

Should reruns be ruled out, and local stations required to either buy or produce new and hopefully quality material? Why not express your opinion in a letter to the Federal Communications Commission, (FCC) Washington, D. C.

The returns are in on the surgeon-general's study of television violence. As expected, it found that TV does not in and of itself produce violence in its viewers. It may, however, trigger violent acts in persons who are violence prone.

At the very least church members may wish to carry on conversations at home regarding violence on TV to help our children learn to cope and channel their inner feelings. In addition you may wish to get copies of the report and of the senate hearings on the subject so you can express your feelings intelligently to your senators, the FCC, and the networks.

Much of the comment both from critics and network programmers is to the effect that the season just completed was not particularly distinguished. Most of us found some refreshment in the fact that the top rated shows were *All in the Family* and *Flip Wilson*. From there on it was lots of medicine men, gunmen, comedians, and the movies of the week. But that, so it seems, is still what the public prefers. One interesting judgment of the season was that even the biggest theater box-office stars cannot make it in TV without a good vehicle. So scratch Shirley Maclaine, Anthony Quinn, and Jimmy Stewart among others.

Many there are who believe that this nation will not finally have what is required in a television communications system until the Public Broadcasting System is adequately financed. Congress has been reluctant to provide adequate money to make this

possible. Further, there are some indications that if such money were to be forthcoming, politicians would want control of the system so as to guarantee that it did not start meddling.

Ultimately we will probably get about what we as a people want, or if we are totally silent on the subject, what some people in Washington, D. C., want us to have. It might be worth letting your elected representatives know what you want.

The Nielsen rating people have come up with some new figures. As this year began, the average home had its television set(s) on for seven hours and one minute every day. Oh yes, 52.6 percent of our households now have one or more color sets.

This is only a beginning catalog of some of the changes affecting an industry which is changing us all. The biggest change is yet to come: a valid communications system. Now all we have are messages flowing out to us from the producers. But that one-way system is not communication. When we finally get messages moving back and forth, that will be the big change. You could cause it to happen. All you have to do is to start talking back.

—David O. Poindexter

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

April 23, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC
—*Burt Bacharach Special*.

April 23, 9-11 p.m., EST on ABC
—*The Tony Awards*.

April 25, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST
on NBC—*Jack Paar's African Diary*.

April 27, 10-11 p.m., EST on
ABC—*Life, Death and the American
Woman*. Hostess: Patricia Neal.

April 30, 9:30-10:30 p.m., EDT
on CBS—*Metropolitan Opera Gala*.

May 2, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EDT on
NBC—*The Dark Side*.

May 3, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on
NBC—*The Price*. Stars George C.
Scott.

May 7, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC
—*The London Bridge Special*.

May 8, (time to be announced)

on CBS—*An Evening With Ann Bancroft*.

May 8, 8-8:30 p.m., EDT on
ABC—Harry Reasoner Essay: *Who
Do You Think You Are? The Masks
We Wear*.

May 8, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on
ABC—*The New South*. A Frank
Reynolds study centering on Jack-
son, Tenn.

May 14, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EDT
on CBS—*Young People's Concert*.

May 15, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC
—*Undersea World of Jacques
Cousteau: The Forgotten Mermaid*.

May 16, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EDT
on NBC—*Secrets of the African
Baobab*. Ecology special.

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

Modern Times—One of a series of six Charlie Chaplin features now running as reissues, the first time in decades his features have been available to the general public. *Modern Times* (1936) is a satire on what industrial society does to turn man into another machine. *City Lights* (1931), featuring Chaplin's famed Tramp character; *The Great Dictator* (1940), a satire on Hitler that surprisingly was banned in this

country before World War II; and *Limelight* (1952), his last feature made in the United States, are also in the reissued series. Chaplin's humor is visual, the celebration of man's basic dignity in the face of any and all adversities. Hopefully, the 82-year-old Chaplin now will find a new audience among younger viewers who presently know him only through scratchy, badly edited television shorts. □

ROMAN CATHOLICS WEIGH POSSIBLE NCC ENTRY

"If Christians cannot provide fresh signs of their own unity and love for mankind, what have we to say to a divided and threatened humanity?"

The speaker: Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary, United Methodist Board of Missions.

The subject: Possible Roman Catholic membership in the National Council of Churches (NCC).

Dr. Jones was reporting as a member of a committee which studied the possibility of the nation's 45 million Catholics joining the 42 million Protestant and Orthodox Christians already represented in the council.

He said there would be disagreement on such subjects as abortion, birth control, and aid to parochial schools. His committee also said there would have to be some arrangements for voting representation and financial responsibilities, but these were not considered insoluble.

Two Roman Catholic priests hearing Dr. Jones's report agreed with his "what have we to say" question and said they favor membership. But the decision must be left to the National Conference of Catholic Bishops which is not expected to act on the membership question before spring 1973.

Meanwhile the NCC has its own restructure in view. A report based on a two-year study will be voted on at the NCC General Assembly in December. It is expected to be reviewed before then by NCC-member denominations, including United Methodism's General Conference. The restructure plan is expected to make NCC membership more attractive to Roman Catholics and to other nonmembers.

NCC president Dr. Cynthia Wedel told the council's General Board that great pressure for more inter-church cooperation is building up among local laity. She said that in the present era of "profound change, no denomination can hope to cope alone with new movements."

REMOTE ISLANDS SECURE UNITED METHODIST WORK

General Conference may alter the map of international United Methodism by granting autonomy to several overseas churches, but missionary efforts continue elsewhere. Here are brief reports:

Guam: Ferdinand Magellan discovered this Pacific island in 1521, but United Methodists "discovered" it in 1971. Some 65 of them recently established the first United Methodist congregation on America's westernmost territory (3,318 miles west of Hawaii). Donald L. Covington, a schoolteacher and lay pastor planning to enter the ordained ministry, led the effort.

Shetland Islands: An estimated 20,000 Scandinavian fishermen visit these north Atlantic islands each year, and Bishop Ole Borgen of United Methodism's Northern Europe Area has been asked to provide some ministerial help. He said a person might be appointed to assist a British Methodist minister if financial and other matters are worked out.

West Germany: United Methodism's Germany Central Conference appointed its first secretary of evangelism as one evidence of what was described as a new emphasis on witnessing to Christ. A newsletter said youth also are active in evangelism and added, "In many congregations we lack young people."

Zaire (Congo): The future of this African nation's United Methodist work and of the 70 U.S.-based mis-

sionaries there was unclear after the government extended legal recognition to only three churches—Roman Catholic, Church of Christ in Zaire, and Kimbanguist. Other churches are required to apply for legal recognition. The United Methodist Church is not a part of the Church of Christ of Zaire, formed two years ago and claiming 5 million members. United Methodism claims 105,000 members in three annual conferences under Bishop John Wesley Shungu. Among requirements for government recognition are a deposit of \$200,000 and a listing of church properties and members.

Japan: The United Church of Christ in Japan ended a two-year moratorium on requests for evangelistic and other kinds of missionaries, leaving United Methodism's Board of Missions and other denominations' missions agencies in this country expecting invitations to resume sending missionaries to Japan.

Latin America: The United Methodist Board of Missions voted to send no more missionaries to Latin America except on request of churches in that area. The move was described as a part of new policies urging and supporting autonomy and self-determination among Latin American Methodists. The board will continue to send funds but will not stipulate their use.

Sierra Leone, Puerto Rico, Taiwan, and Hong Kong: Autonomy is the sure or likely next move for United Methodists in these areas.

Sierra Leone voted for autonomy in February, 1971, and its request will go to the 1972 General Conference. Union is considered possible with the British Methodist-related Methodist Church of Sierra Leone.

The Puerto Rico Conference will ask General Conference to declare it an autonomous church. It has already merged with the United Evangelical Church.

Permission for autonomy was granted in 1968 to United Methodists in Hong Kong and Taiwan, and the 1972 General Conference is expected to grant affiliated autonomous status to the two new churches.

Century Club

Five women join our Together Century Club this month.

Mrs. Artie Armon, 100, Farmington, Mo.

Mrs. Russell (Lillian) Broughton, 100, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Marie Bertha Carter, 100, Ocean City, N.J.

Ida V. Loux, 100, Cornwall, Pa.

Mrs. A. T. (Emma) Wilson, 100, Curtis, Nebr.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, and name and address of nominee's church.

Traveling Work Teams Help Build Churches

Many United Methodist congregations worship in meeting halls, houses, and even on benches placed under shade trees, modest "churches" not defined by towering steeples and stained-glass windows.

These makeshift sanctuaries often serve 50 or maybe 100 people who either do not have or who ran out of funds to build a "real" church or a "real" church-school building.

Prompted by requests from United Methodists in Puerto Rico, Costa Rica, the Caribbean, and Texas, denominational work teams from at least two states are helping struggling congregations build places for worship and study.

Five building projects have been completed this year, supported for the most part by the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, the Board of Missions, and local church contributions.

In Carolina, Puerto Rico, 85 persons in a two-year-old congregation are worshipping in a block and slab church constructed by three work teams from the Western North Carolina Conference.

Consisting of skilled carpenters, masons, electricians, and plumbers, the North Carolina work teams completed the task in two weeks.

According to the Rev. Donald Haynes, chairman of the missions building team committee for the conference, the islanders are an evangelistically oriented people who believe that without a sanctuary there is no church.

When the project was completed, he added, the proud owners of the new church marched in a mass procession to the airport, crying and waving to the departing workers.

From there one team traveled to Ciudad Quesada, a rural area of Costa Rica, where team members erected a classroom building for a Methodist school.

Farther north, on the Caribbean island of Anguilla, an uncompleted church hall for tiny Blowing Point Methodist Church was bottling two years' growth of grass and weeds and a number of grazing sheep.

A work team of ten churchmen from the denomination's Greencastle (Indiana) District and five students from United Methodist-related DePouw University in Greencastle completed the hall in less than three weeks early this year.

Clarke Hendrich, a layman from Brick Chapel United Methodist Church and coordinator of the work team, said the highlight of the experience was working with the

islanders themselves. "The person to person relationship was the most important part of our stay; really more important than the building we built," he said.

Armed with more enthusiasm than actual skill, the Anguillian team completed its task under the leadership of only one professional carpenter.

Indiana United Methodists from Lafayette, Logansport, and Calumet Districts, however, enlisted laymen and clergy with building and plumbing skills for their project, a multipurpose community building for the United Methodist Church at Levittown, Cantano, in Puerto Rico. Sixty-eight churchmen were divided into three groups, each group spending two weeks on the \$90,000 project.

All three districts cooperated in raising about \$5,000 for needed materials. The project was the fourth organized by the Rev. E. Vaughn Powell of Mulberry United Methodist Church in Mulberry, Ind.

Realizing that lack of funds is not a problem unique to foreign countries, another work team of 31 Indiana United Methodists participated in building a \$30,000, four-bedroom parsonage for Wesley United Methodist Church in El Paso, Texas.

The Rio Grande Project of the three Indianapolis districts was a joint program of the districts' commissions on Christian social concerns and on missions, and of the missions board's National Division.

El Paso's Western Hills United Methodist Church provided the noon meals and arranged low-priced lodging for the Indiana churchmen.

The districts selected a building site, raised \$10,000 in cash for materials, and recruited the team. The parsonage was completed in less than two months, days ahead of schedule.

Like many other work teams, the Indiana team was informed of Wesley's need for a parsonage through the Board of Missions.

Since 1961 similar teams of United Methodists have traveled to Latin America and in the United States to build churches, educational buildings, and parsonages for congregations that cannot finance such work.

Reasons for going are many, but the simplest reason is probably the best. As one Anguillian work team member put it, "I just want to help others."



With the lighted city sprawled below them, high-rise apartment dwellers gather for an evening of devotional study and informal discussion. This unique ministry of the Chicago Temple (First United Methodist Church) brings residents together under "Temple Shepherds," laymen who reside in high-rise buildings near the downtown church. For many persons, regardless of religious affiliation, this takes the place of back-fence camaraderie shared in more typical ground-level neighborhoods.

United Methodists In the News

The American Football Coaches Association recently bestowed its two top honors on **Paul Bryant**, athletic director and head football coach at the University of Alabama. A member of First United Methodist Church in Tuscaloosa, Mr. Bryant was voted Coach of the Year and elected president of the association.

Bishop **Reuben H. Mueller** of the Indiana Area was elected president of World Christian Education, Inc., a new financial trust agency for United States-based funds for overseas Christian education.

A 15-year-old United Methodist was appointed a U.S. Senate page. **Richard Stephen Reese**, a member of First United Methodist Church in Birmingham, Ala., will serve Alabama Senator John Sparkman during the next nine months.

Rodney S. Wead, executive director of the United Methodist Community Center (Wesley House) in Omaha, Nebr., was recently honored by the *Omaha Sun* as its Man of the Year for 1971. The newspaper praised his efforts to "break the ever present cycle of poverty" for blacks in Omaha and paid tribute to the Nebraska Conference for supporting his work. [See *Black Capitalism—Omaha*, March, page 2.]

Named general chairman of the Christian Ashram movement was Bishop **James K. Mathews** of the Boston Area. Dr. E. Stanley Jones, founder and long-time leader of the movement who recently suffered a stroke, was named chairman emeritus.

Miss **Deanell Reece**, a member of the United Methodist Church in Scandia, Kans., has been selected to serve as a 1971-72 White House Fellow as special assistant to the secretary of labor. The program was established by President Johnson in 1966 to give men and women between ages 23 and 35 educational opportunities and experience working in the federal government at high levels of the executive branch.

DEATHS: The Rev. **Harold C. Case**, 69, president of Boston University from 1951 to 1967 . . . **Thomas E. McConnell**, 73, son of late Bishop Francis J. McConnell and prominent Chicago attorney . . . Dr. **Wei-ping Chen**, 96, personal pastor to President and Madam Chiang Kai-shek of Nationalist China for many years . . . **Verne Orr**, 84, member of the General Board of Publication and delegate to General Conferences from 1956 through 1970.

'SHOCKING' INVESTMENTS TESTED FOR SOCIAL VALUE

As a result of the recent flurry of criticism over church investments, church leaders are pressing for greater accountability of funds and for increased social responsibility in investments.

Churches in the United States are "second only to the federal government in monies received and distributed yearly—over \$22 billion," stated Frank White, director of the National Council of Churches' Corporate Information Center (CIC).

According to a CIC report, The United Methodist Church is among ten Protestant denominations and the NCC which hold more than \$200 million in stocks in 29 of the nation's largest military contractors. [See *News*, April, page 19.] In 1970 they reaped \$6 million in income from these investments.

Many church leaders feel that denominational investors should look beyond the "profit motive." United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns executive Dr. Luther Tyson sees a new place in society "where the church can use its economic influence to achieve greater justice and manage its portfolio for economic goals.

"It's embarrassing to me personally as a church member," said Dr. Tyson, "to find that my income and pensions depend on investments in corporations that produce things that kill people. I think we should draw the line on killing people. We may not be able to get rid of all pollution and such, but there are corporations that have less than 5 percent or none of their income from armaments."

Although he admitted that there is a certain amount of risk in investing in smaller corporations, he noted that the great problem has been that "we treated all money the same. Some of it can afford greater risk.

"It is a good idea for the church to establish economic and social criteria for investments," said Dr. Tyson, who is president of the newly organized Pax World Fund, Inc. This mutual fund was designed to aid individual and institutional investors who have set socio-economic criteria for their investments.

The diversified no-load fund will invest in such areas as housing, education, pollution control, and health care, will place up to 10 percent of its assets in international development, and will give top consideration to companies with fair-employment practices.

Pax also will avoid investments in the 100 largest military contractors and in liquor, tobacco, and gambling industries.

United Methodism's Council of Secretaries also took steps recently to aid church investors when it authorized a task force to determine guidelines for trust fund investment. These in turn might be recommended to boards and agencies. The task force will also consider the development of a composite statement of general church agency investments.

On a national, ecumenical level The United Methodist Church is working with ten denominations on the newly formed Committee on Social Responsibility in Investments. Denominations share information to produce more effective investments supporting social policies and programs.

Religious groups on local, regional, and national levels are gathering information and organizing to take action on the social impact of businesses, according to a survey by the *Harvard Business Review*.

Many local church members, however, might share the reaction of Mrs. Bessie Mays of Brighton, Colo. In a letter to *The Texas Methodist* she wrote: "I read that The United Methodist Church has \$60 million invested to arms makers. I was shocked! I didn't know that the church has such funds. . . . Why denounce the war in the pulpit and then support war?"

YOUTH'S FAST-A-THON FUELS WORK PROJECT

Some time in late June, 15 young people from a United Methodist congregation may recall, hungrily, how slow a fast can be.

Particularly when it is a Lenten "fast-a-thon" to raise money for a summer work project.

Youth at Beverly Hills (Mich.) United Methodist Church adopted the fasting idea from their associate minister, the Rev. Donna Lindberg. Buoyed by pledges ranging from 1¢ to \$1 per hour, the youth fasted 26 hours during a Lenten weekend. They needed \$700 to send the group to the Zeba Indian Mission on Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

There they will help Chippewa Indian residents clear brush, construct buildings, and conduct vacation church school for Indian children. They expect to eat well too.

Irish Minister: A Quietening Influence Amid Strife

Northern Ireland (Ulster) is only 51 years old, but the Connecticut-sized area has been continually embroiled in civil strife. The struggle is marked by the same religious and political divisions which led to the area's 1921 inclusion in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. In the past three years a small minority of Protestant and Catholic extremists has inflamed discord between the two groups, the grim result being over 250 dead, hundreds more wounded, and little hope of reconciliation or compromise.

Ireland's Methodists, numbering just under 30,000, are categorized as "Protestants" along with Anglicans and Presbyterians and are inevitably affected by the conflict between those favoring continued ties with Great Britain (generally a "Protestant" position) and those demanding total independence (a "Catholic" position).

The Rev. Jack Stewart, a Methodist working in a "passionately Protestant" area of Belfast, shared his views on the situation and his opinions of the church's role in this religious and civil war with *Together*. Mr. Stewart was interviewed by Wilbert Forker, a freelance writer and Irish Methodist. —Your Editors

What is the role of the church in Northern Ireland?

The church's role is to keep abreast of the rapid and dynamic political developments. There has been a fear over the past years of the church getting involved in politics. The church has made the mistake of not differentiating between what is political in the Christian sense and what is partisan politics. It could have, perhaps, played a greater role in guiding politicians and making statements that were political in the widest sense of the word.

Where do you, a Methodist minister in a predominantly Protestant area that has literally polarized itself from the Catholic community, see moderate opinion?

The Shankhill Road people, among whom I work, are the best examples of sincere, churchgoing Protestants. They have been misinterpreted. They are British in their outlook, and yet there is not the hatred against their Catholic neighbors some are inclined to think exists. They are certainly against the extreme bombing and shooting of the small section of the minority population.

As a Methodist minister, what do you do to help your people understand the view of Roman Catholics?

Well, I think I give a quietening influence. The Shankhill Road people know they are a part of the majority. Also that they cannot be blackmailed. It is just as immoral to blackmail a majority as it is for a majority to intimidate or dominate a minority. There must be this understanding between the two. In Northern Ireland the majority is Protestant. A minority within that Protestant majority is very outspoken and extreme. The rest of the majority, I hesitate to say, is moderate. In the Catholic minority is a small very extreme section. It is the confrontation of the two extremes that seems to dominate world opinion.

But surely one of the main points for the very existence of the Christian church is that of reconciliation. If its leadership is not prepared at least to be that reconciling force and rather speaks vaguely, how can it be the church?

I agree. But it must be remembered that between both sides of the minority and the majority and the churches that represent them there has to be a generosity of opinion. This is not capitulation, though.

While the church may not have spoken in a direct way politically, many Catholic and Protestant ministers have been working within their congregations to tone down opinions and to try to bring about restraint. This influence has worked on the majority but restraint must not be interpreted as a sign of weakness. Many Protestant clergy working within the high intensity population of certain parts of Northern Ireland are only too aware that we are sitting on a powder keg. It must also be remembered that the Protestant people will act within what they consider to be their own legitimacy. When the time comes they certainly would band together, as in 1920.

As a Christian minister, and especially as one living in a passionately Protestant area, do you see any moral justification for internment?

No decent Christian would ever say internment was morally correct. But, living in the situation at the time internment was enacted, one could understand the reasons for it. It is a last resort of every government to use. At present it is equally immoral to suggest a removal of internment and a release of the internees until both sides come together and have a common purpose and also have a common responsibility for the release of the internees. That way either action, internment or release, would be a moral and a political responsibility.

The Priority of Persons

By JAMES ARMSTRONG

Bishop, Dakotas Area, United Methodist Church

RECENTLY I wrote a column suggesting that, as Christians, we need to cultivate the art of listening.

Together has asked that I further develop some of the observations I made at that time.

1. *The lordship of Christ should be affirmed and his spirit expressed in the interrelationships of our church life.*

It goes without saying that there is an unfortunate (and sometimes crippling) lack of trust in our churches today. Pastors and laymen eye one another suspiciously. Local-church administrative boards call annual-conference programs and budgets into question like irate housewives badgering wayward husbands. Campus ministries are assumed to be hotbeds of radicalism. And we all know about the heartless power plays of district superintendents, board secretaries, and bishops. It isn't that we are paranoid. We have only lost our innocence and have found no Christian alternative to supplant the spirit of divisive cynicism that is the hallmark of the day.

Young men leave the ministry because they feel the hierarchy is unaware of their struggles and insensitive to their needs. (Sometimes they are right.) People leave their churches because they feel that church leaders are callous and unheeding. (Sometimes they are right.)

Some months ago I negotiated a network of dirt roads to reach a little country church to meet with a group of concerned laymen. They aired grievances and shared concerns. Finally a farmer said, "We know what you think about Viet Nam and capital punishment, but I've been on my tractor 11 hours today. What do you think of me?"

We are involved with the issues and committed to the ideals, but what do we think of individual persons? How do we regard those who are our brothers and sisters in Christ—and who sometimes seem to be our antagonists?

2. *Bureaucratic strategies and individual attitudes should never be permitted to dehumanize church members.*

Virgil Sexton's helpful and incisive book *Listening to the Church* (Abingdon, \$2.95, paper) suggests that many United Methodists feel left out of decision-making and program-planning processes in the church. Rightly or wrongly, they feel bypassed, "used," manipulated by styles of leadership that refuse to regard them as persons.

A woman in the South Central Jurisdiction recently wrote the Program Council. She said: "The church itself is one of the greatest offenders in the dehumanization of people. . . . Church leadership has a lot to learn about listening to persons and about working with persons . . . The United Methodist Church should be for humanization . . . but in her own house first."

No self-respecting church member wants to be seen as a statistic, a potential giver or an impersonal problem, a member of some sort of ecclesiastical computer bank.

3. *Our Lord's ministry was person-centered. He viewed issues and judged principles (laws) on the basis of their relationship to persons.*

When Jesus responded to the publican, the Samaritan, the young ruler, or the adulteress, he always responded

to the person—never to the stereotype but always to the person. How often we fail at precisely this point. The pot-smoker is a "criminal," not a person. The long-haired, unwashed vagabond is a "hippie," not a person. A preacher is a preacher, a layman is a layman, a draft dodger is a draft dodger, a Black Panther is a Black Panther, a Jesus Freak is a Jesus Freak, and a bishop is a bishop—but the essential personhood of the individual is somehow lost in the shuffle.

Neglect of the elderly and the poor is wrong because of what it does to persons. Racist attitudes and practices are wrong because of their influence on persons. The Indochinese War is tragic because of what it is doing to Asian (and American) people. The drug traffic is sinful because of what it does to people. Prison reform is desperately needed because of what vicious and outdated approaches to penology do to human beings.

The basic institutions of our society all must be judged on the basis of their effect upon persons.

4. *It follows, then, that the individual person must be seen as the focal point of the church's life and ministry.*

This is true not only of the person "out there"—in Bangla Desh or southern Africa—but it is equally true of the people who make up the membership of our churches.

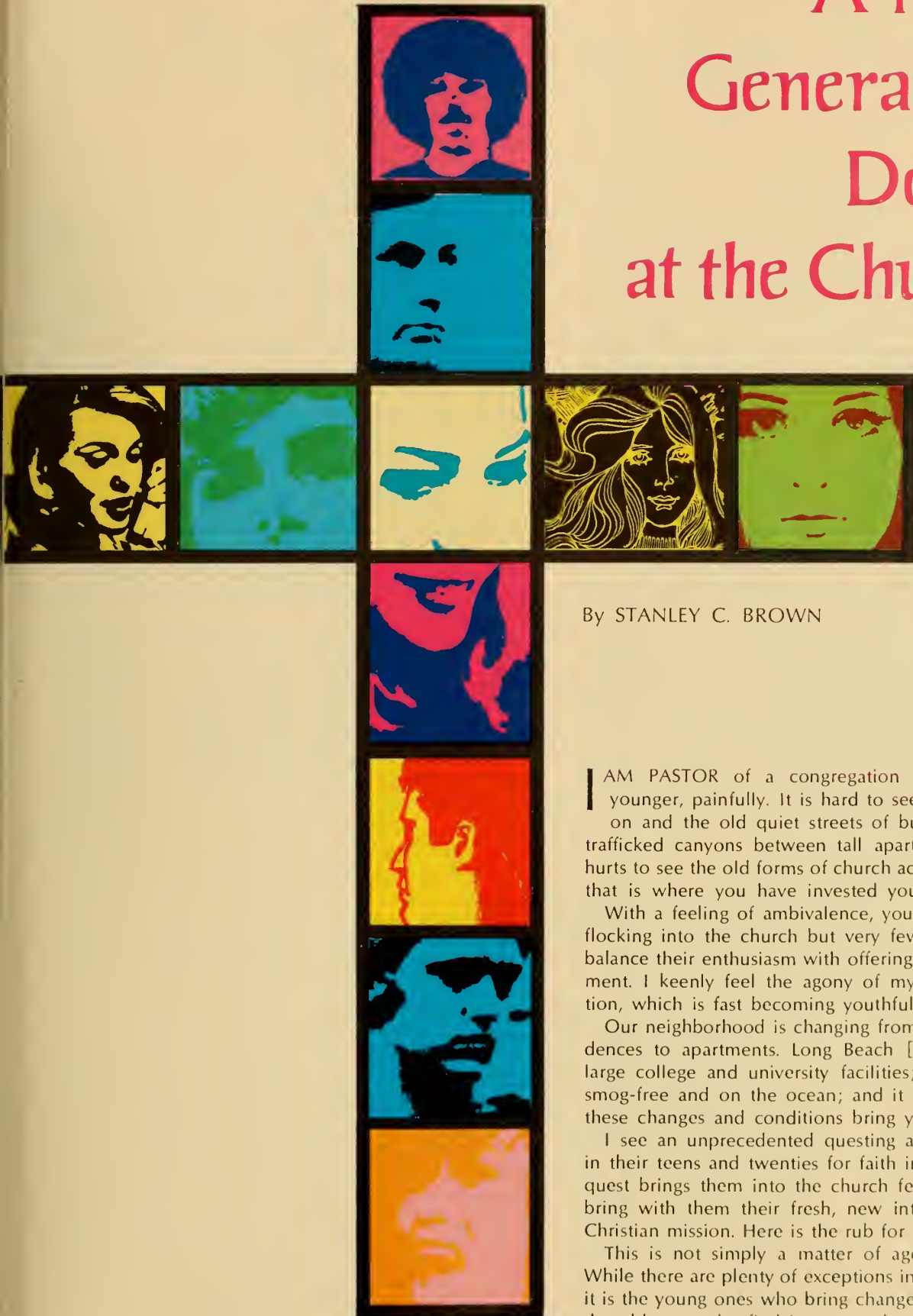
How are persons regarded in our churches? Are differing life-styles and points of view encouraged? Are laymen and clergymen seen as co-workers in a community of truth and servanthood? Does your church have the kinds of study groups, committee structures, action projects, and interpersonal relationships from which shared decision making and program planning emerge?

So often good people feel left out of vital centers of church life. This may be their own fault. It may be because of subtle policies or plain carelessness on the parts of those who could make a difference. "Participatory democracy" is more than a Saul Alinsky catchphrase; it is one of the greatest needs in the life of the church today. The genius of participatory democracy is that it broadens the base of understanding, support, and responsibility.

So, whoever you are—board member, UMYFer, group leader, conference delegate, silent onlooker—seize the time and opportunity. Become involved. Participate in those discussions and events that give shape and direction to the fellowship of believers you belong to.

Believe me, this is no plea for a consensus-type religion. We have more than enough of that now. The agenda for the church should be formed where world need and the gospel of Christ intersect. As Christians, however, our response to the agenda dare not be insensitive or impersonal. Ours is a person-centered calling. Each of us is a coequal, organic member of the body. We need to demonstrate the oneness by developing a community of genuine trust, by really listening to one another, and by following our Lord down pathways to costly service. □

A New Generation Down at the Church



By STANLEY C. BROWN

I AM PASTOR of a congregation which is growing younger, painfully. It is hard to see your cronies pass on and the old quiet streets of bungalows turn into trafficked canyons between tall apartment buildings. It hurts to see the old forms of church activity die out when that is where you have invested your Christian fervor.

With a feeling of ambivalence, you see young people flocking into the church but very few older persons to balance their enthusiasm with offerings and mature judgment. I keenly feel the agony of my elderly congregation, which is fast becoming youthful.

Our neighborhood is changing from single-family residences to apartments. Long Beach [Calif.] has several large college and university facilities; we are relatively smog-free and on the ocean; and it is a Navy port. All these changes and conditions bring young people here.

I see an unprecedented questing among these youth in their teens and twenties for faith in Jesus Christ. This quest brings them into the church fellowship, and they bring with them their fresh, new interpretation of the Christian mission. Here is the rub for the old-timers.

This is not simply a matter of age but of life-style. While there are plenty of exceptions in every age bracket, it is the young ones who bring change in the church and the old ones who find it too much to understand.

This is so real in our church, and coming so fast, that

I feel more and more congregations will be facing it in the future. I hear older officers express concern because younger members do not take hold of the old forms of church work. The Women's Society is concerned that the elderly are not being replaced by younger girls in the kitchen, in the circles, and at our Christmas shop. The older men feel the young ones ought to be out putting up Christmas shop booths and attending men's dinners. Some of them grumble about our encounter groups being good for those in them, but, "Why don't these young people get involved in the church work and not just live for themselves?"

Such complaints reflect the reality of revolution in the church and the difficulty "old-timers" and "pillars" have in understanding a new style of Christian life. We have always measured involvement in the Christian life by "church work," which means meetings, committees, kitchen service, ushering, bazaars, and handiwork around the property.

Young church members are not interested in this kind of expression of their faith. By the time their children are grown there may be fewer church properties, not more. Christian life for them is not the maintenance of old structures or the promotion of a building-centered, family-centered club. The church is not the place to which they look for a social outlet, for entertainment, or for status. They have no time for things which still seem terribly important to older church members—raising money for missions, having "successful" programs with large audiences, or electing officers for innumerable boards and classes.

I believe we are seeing the emergence of a generation of Christians who say their faith is deeply relevant to every phase of life, or it has nothing for them. Christian involvement now is to be measured by a Christlike life-style in one's occupation and home, neighborhood and community, government, PTA, and welfare agencies. Here is where it counts for church members to express their faith. After that, there is little time or energy left for work "down at the church." The church buildings today are where these young people gather to grow in Christ, to

find the guidance and the power to go back into the world and do the Christ-thing.

This is not to judge either the old approach or the new approach to church work as wrong. But I believe God's Spirit is leading us in a change of format. Older members will continue what for them is the most meaningful expression of their faith. Younger members will develop a style which best expresses theirs. For a while both will continue side by side. In time, as the older folk pass away, the familiar forms of church work will pass away with them. This is nothing to fret about for the young people today are involved in Christ's mission, often on a more full-time basis than their elders ever were. The theater of operation is the world, not the church property.

One of our hard workers raises the question, "Who will raise the \$10,000 each year if the work of the Women's Society is not carried on?" The answer is, "Probably nobody! Rather, \$10,000 worth of effort will be invested in living and witnessing for Jesus and living out the Kingdom in countless corners of the community."

If the young Christian works down at the church, he cannot give himself out *there*. The traditional forms of mission and hierarchy which that \$10,000 has paid for in the past will be forced to change. Another trauma! But I for one am convinced God is in it. Exciting new things are afoot, and it is an exciting day to be the church and to watch and pray.

I caution young Christians to be sure their mission in the world is real and Christ-centered, and they ought to try to appreciate the traditional forms their elders continue to carry out. Their work, like a beautiful sunset, will not be around much longer, but it can be a real source of inspiration.

Older Christians ought to be sure they do not become disheartened by the failure of youth to step into their footprints and take up the same tasks they have so faithfully labored over during these wonderful years. I see the younger people as a fresh breeze blowing that could rearrange familiar patterns into something new and equally beautiful. They need the support of prayers and encouragement and trust. □

Flower Chairman

By Josephine Robertson

She worships, Saturday, who lends her skill
With flowers for the altar, or to trim
The chancel rail, while slanting colors skim
The tops of empty pews, and all is still,
With an expectant, living hush, until
The organist runs through tomorrow's hymn.
Into that sanctuary, high and dim,
She brings the incense of the daffodil.
On Sunday, when a throng of others see
The flowers, given to honor one well known,
They nod approval—unaware that she
Is cherishing a secret of her own:
For, as she placed cool stems so artfully,
The Father spoke to her, and her alone.

On Proclaiming the Gospel

By ALBERT C. OUTLER

WORDS LIKE "evangel," "evangelical," "evangelism" have an honored history. They point to the heart of the gospel—the *evangelion*, "the glad tidings of our salvation," the marvelous good news that God has met our deepest needs and highest hopes in and through Jesus Christ. *Evangelion*—the story of Jesus and the new quality of existence in which all men may share, a new style of life of love and service in and for the world.

The authentic evangelical has what John Wesley commended as "catholic spirit"—an openness of heart and mind that cherishes diversity within the larger unity of essential faith and commitment.

The essential fallacy in all unhealthy evangelism—in all its varieties—is its hidden strategy of self-justification, masked by the flaming rhetoric of radical faith. Do you want to be saved? Do you want to go to heaven? Do you want to be ready when Jesus comes again? Are you eager to flee from the wrath to come, while others perish in their sins? O.K.: then latch onto the right doctrine, for believing *that* is a meritorious good work. Check off the seven steps to salvation (or is it nine or twelve?); take 'em, in the right order, and you've got it made.

Or (the same strategy in obverse), do you seek "peace of mind" or "authentic self-consciousness"? Here's a formula for plugging into the divine power supply that will operate your own psychic appliances! Do you want law and order? Or, would you rather have liberation, justice, and peace? No matter. Get God on your side—or at least make the unhesitating claim that God *is* on your side and that your cause is his cause!

But this points us to another fine line of distinction, for the *evangelion* says plainly that God *is* on our side—that "for us men and our salvation, Christ came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Spirit of Mary the Virgin—and was made man!" In and through the charisms of the Spirit, divine power *does* become operative in our hearts and lives. God's purposes for his children—all his children—do include freedom, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Spirit. But all of this on *his* terms, at *his* initiative. It is not our part to control the dynamic equilibrium between God's grace and man's response, but rather to find and lose ourselves in participation in the divine-human relationship in which God acts and man reacts. The less self-conscious our faith, the less self-righteous our assurance of God's healing love. Something like this is the gist of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, with no antecedent merit whatsoever.

John Wesley came finally to understand this "grand doctrine," as he called it, as the axis of his entire doctrinal system. He never really believed in salvation by

good works, but he had flirted long and fruitlessly with the hope that orthodox doctrine, fervent devotion, stringent self-discipline and zealous good works might, all together, earn him some measure of divine favor—or at least might mitigate the divine wrath against him. Finally, he was driven to the discovery that it is by faith alone (radical, buoyant trust) that self-righteousness is displaced by the righteousness of Christ. By faith—and faith alone!—uptight lives are relaxed, trapped lives liberated, arrogant lives humbled, soiled lives cleansed, slouching lives raised up to tiptoe, empty lives filled, life unto death turned into life unto life.

Human life is meaningfully related to God even in sin and estrangement; the sinner has some dim, imperfect knowledge of God in his fleeting moments of transcendental or mystical awareness; his moral conscience is deadened but not destroyed. And this is why God's prevenient grace is so crucial.

It is not just that God loves us no matter what (although he does) but that his grace surrounds and anticipates us in every crisis, from birth to death, creating and holding open possibilities of growth and healing and self-fulfillment. No man is on his own, and no man can save himself or anybody else. This is the heresy of secularism, the final betrayal of man's highest hopes of becoming fully human on his own. Only in the stimulus and sustenance of God's prevenient grace is fulfillment ever possible. Wesley rules out any notion of authentic self-acceptance apart from the perception of faith. We are who we are because God made us so, because God keeps us so, and because it is God, not we, who holds open the future for our destiny—all of it by grace, unmerited, prevenient, justifying, sanctifying.

But this also means that the proclamation of the gospel presupposes the antecedent activity of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the hearer. We never speak to men who are actually ignorant of God or totally bereft of his grace. The Spirit is always there before us—and this means that our job is less that of imparting truth that would otherwise remain unknown than of stirring up the human spirit, of awakening faith—inviting and persuading men to attend to the Word within. This is why pure doctrine, as such, is less important in effecting the hearing of faith than loving witness is. This is also why formal professions of faith, as such, may mean so little—unless they also involve assurance and commitment, and unless they bear fruit in further harvests of faith, hope, and love.

The gospel, in Wesleyan terms, is a joyous word from God to men, through men, in the depths of their existence. It is a word of man's reliance and hope in God, of God's imperative that men should love him without

stint and their neighbors without self-interest. It is a call to repentance, conversion, new life. The gospel is an invitation from the Holy Spirit to fellowship in God's beloved community, in which men are inwardly moved to outward acts of thanksgiving, worship, and service.

The most essential and distinctive connotation of the word "evangelical" is just precisely the primacy of God, of God's kingdom in human hearts, of God's sovereign grace—and of faith as man's radical dependence upon God, before and beyond all other dominions and powers. "Evangelical" does not mean a whole theology of a single denomination: it was a tragedy when "evangelical" came to be an antonym to "catholic." "Evangelical" bespeaks a *dimension* (the vertical dimension) of Christian existence—and so also must "evangelism."

The essence of sin, as Paul suggests in Romans 1:25, is that in their search for self-governance, men have actually swapped off the *truth* (i.e., that God is sole ruler of all creation) for a lie (i.e., that man is or can be his own savior). As a result, they have come to worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator. The Christian evangel, therefore, is a gracious invitation to turn from our self-maintaining, self-deluding lies to a new and glad reliance upon God as revealed in Jesus: from self-serving devotion to created values, however noble, to a trustful worship of and dependence on the Uncreated Source of all we love and cherish and aspire to.

Evangelism is never a private affair: it is the outreaching hand and heart of the *People of God*, drawing men into the fellowship of faith and grace.

But just here we run into a scandalous discrepancy—just as Wesley did—between the evangelical impulse and the ecclesiastical reality. What happens to men who hear the gospel, who confess Jesus Christ as Lord, who join the church and then sink into a spiritual slump under the numbing weight of nominal, formal, perfunctory Christianity? We know very well what happens and it convicts us all of a monumental hypocrisy. In more instances than we can bring ourselves to admit, the local congregation is simply not a healthy setting for a newborn Christian to be initiated into with any lively hope of growing up into Christ, "in holiness and righteousness," and so on. Having come to bear the name of Christ as his badge of identity, he often comes to wear it in name only—which is, of course, what "nominal Christianity" means. All of us know this and we are deeply disturbed by it, in varying measure and with varying reactions—most of them one-sided and fueled more by outrage than grace and wisdom.

Let me resort to some vague and imprecise labels to indicate some of these one-sided and ineffectual reactions. The "liberal" Establishment is deeply disturbed and newly defensive but can think of nothing better thus far than redoubled emphases on education, propaganda, and administrative pressures. Most of the curial types I know (in our boards and agencies) still believe that if the right programs (i.e., *their* programs) are pushed hard enough, nominal Christians will somehow be transformed into convincing witnesses for Christ.

Then there are the liturgy-and-worship buffs, who seek renewal in the church by means of liturgical innovations and new forms and values in worship, but rarely with a truly catholic sense of sacramental realism and often with a blithe insensitivity to the instincts and tastes of

the people at large (who also lack a vivid sense of sacramental realism).

The newly self-conscious "evangelicals" are beginning to find themselves and to gird for political contestations with the "liberals," and the "litniks," and "radicals," and so on, and so on, but still largely within the theological stereotypes of nineteenth-century revivalism.

The secularizers have a wager going that if the church were only willing to open and empty itself into the world, both church and world would be renewed thereby, as if the church were not already so deeply secularized that the world has written it off as not much more than just another voluntary, cultural association.

The revolutionaries have a curiously exaggerated estimate of the resources and influence of the church—as in "the Black Manifesto," "Jonathan's Wake," or "The Sons of Thunder." If the church really wanted to, they trumpet to the world, it could end the war, it could abolish poverty, liberate the blacks, browns and reds, it could usher in Utopia. And they will have it so or else they will try to wreck the system.

All these polarities have real warrants, but none of them really seems to care or hope for a church that is truly catholic, truly evangelical, and truly reformed, *all together*. None of them, as far as I can see, holds any real promise of transforming the mass of nominal Christians into a vital company of men, women, and youth who truly believe the whole gospel of Jesus, who understand their belief in truly contemporary terms, and who are prepared to act out their faith in life-changing, world-changing social, economic, and political action.

Wesley was quite unwilling to separate evangelism from liturgy, or from the sacramental life of the church, or from social revolution. He stubbornly refused to let his societies secede from the Church of England—even when, as at times, he was almost single-handed in such a refusal—because he knew that evangelism outside a context of the sacramental means of grace is as finally invalid for the converted as are the means of grace for the unconverted. And in the centuries since, as the Methodists have evolved into churches of their own without losing their societal traditions altogether, these polarities between evangelism, Christian nurture, missions, and social action must surely be one of the developments Wesley would least approve.

For he understood, as we had better, that a vital part of the church's evangelistic mission is—to *herself*! Nominal Christians are as obvious postulants for the hearing, and rehearing, of faith, for the excitements and joys of life in the Spirit as any of the unchurched—and until the proclamation of the Christian evangel occurs as the witness of a vital, life-giving church, the Word made audible will not become the Word made visible and it will continue to fail of its full effect.

Give us a church whose members believe and understand the gospel of God's healing love of Christ to hurting men and women. Give us a church that speaks and acts in consonance with its faith—not only to reconcile the world but to turn it upside down! Give us a church of spirit-filled people in whose fellowship life speaks to life, love to love, and faith and trust respond to God's grace. And we shall have a church whose witness in the world will not fail and whose service to the world will transform it. □

He'll Be Tenting Soon

By TED BRADLEY

IT WILL HAPPEN any day now. Along with the first soft gray of the pussy willow and the heavenly smell of earth warmed by the spring sun will come the plaintive cry of my child: "I wanna sleep out. Can I, Dad, huh, can I?"

I can stall him off just so long for his persistence is mightier than my resistance. Then comes the when? where? in what? with what? with whom? and how long? bit. So far as he's concerned, it can be the very first night there's even a hint of warmth. Like a bear coming out of hibernation, he cannot wait to emerge from the soft, comfortable cave of civilized living.

I know that if I deny him his own backyard, he's adept at unearthing someone—a friend of a friend of a cousin of the boy down the street—who has a tent in *his* backyard. I always decide that I would rather establish him under our apple tree by our back fence, where I can keep at least a distant eye on him.

Before we invested in a tent, such a request meant foraging for old blankets, sheets, bedspreads, and drapes—plus safety pins to hold this collection together; old broomsticks, garden stakes, leftover wood scraps from my last remodeling job, or whatever else might serve as makeshift tent poles; and miles of twine and rope to tie it all together. Now that we have a tent, its only every other five minutes that I hear, "Where does this pole go? Can ya help me a minute, huh, Dad?"

Good old Mother Earth is also, lets face it, damp! So, "One can be just as rugged an outdoorsman in a sleeping bag," I insist. And if I can find that old folding cot, it, too, is added to the antisniffle sleeping paraphernalia.

Meanwhile, my intrepid camper-outer is busy gathering up what to him are equally important accessories: magazines, comic books, flashlight, soft drinks, and, "How about that box of pretzels, Dad?"

Of course sleeping out is not a thing to be done alone. Sometimes, after all the many treks from house to yard and back again, after all the busy assembling of accouterments, it is suddenly discovered that the buddy who was to share this joy has been denied permission. Up to this time the tent had been swarming with neighborhood children so that it resembled a tepee dormitory. Now they suddenly melt away, leaving my camper-outer stranded. The bereft one then designs to consider taking on a member of his family as a partner—the cat, or maybe even one of his brothers. When all else fails, he resorts to cajoling his father or mother into the tent for the night.

I refuse to be cajoled anymore, even though on past



occasions I usually achieved some semblance of sleep that way. As it is, once he is settled for the night, the hitherto clear sky may inexplicably cloud over. The first low rumble of thunder sends me scurrying from the house to check tent and occupant, only to find them both supremely unconscious of the threatening elements. I retire to my safe bed, a bit abashed at my own unwarranted concern—yet I still leap up at each new crack of thunder.

Even on a clear, bright night when all is quiet, I find myself doing sentry duty at the upstairs window. Is that tent flap flapping? Isn't that something moving down there in the forsythia bushes?

Or I may spend the night straining my ears at every squeak and creak because I have left the back door open—just in case the brave sleeper is not as dauntless as he thought he was. And then I wonder if the squeak and creak is our son or an intruder.

He comes in much too early the next morning. I fumble my way downstairs feeling haggard and unkempt.

"Gee, that was fun," he says in his bright, fresh way. "Can I sleep out again tonight, huh, Dad?"

It will happen any day now. □



As Though Winter Never Was...

Pictures by Elma Waltner / Text by H. B. Teeter

WHILE WINTER'S white fury raged, our fields wore masks of ice. Our bare trees were skeleton-sentinels thrashing helplessly at the wind. During still nights, when the house creaked with cold, we dreamed of green abundance, knowing it was only a dream. But each day the sun arched higher, obeying a command no man gives, and we renewed our belief in the miracle of spring. Winter retreated, came skulking back, retreated again. Stubborn snowbanks yielded to the first colorful bursts of crocuses. In a robin's nest, not yet sheltered by leaves, were eggs to match the color of the sky. And later, in a broad meadow jeweled by dew, we found twin calves where dandelions greeted the morning with a million tiny suns. Spring came again, as though winter never was.







How COULD WE be sure these green rows, stretching almost out of sight toward the horizon, would ever grow? Why were we so certain our planet again would tip its northern hemisphere toward the direct rays of the sun, bringing another spring and summer? The answer is simply that we did believe. Again our plow sliced deep, sculpting the rested earth into chill patterns of dark soil. We did not doubt that the rains would come in due time, along with hot nights, to transform our carefully spaced rows into a sea of broad leaves rustling over a bumper crop of grain. Is this, then, what true faith is all about—an unswerving trust in a power infinitely greater than our own?

We Never Make It Alone

Anonymous

**"I am glad that I was in Asia when mental illness struck
. . . I was spared having to live with the stigma that still seems
to accompany mental illness in this country."**

THE JET swung around on the Tarmac, taxied, and lifted its nose into the fetid tropical air. Leaning back into the seat, I closed my eyes. I would not look back. Who looks back on a nightmare?

Anyway, the nightmare was part of the past. The clean, cool isolation of the jet was now.

But have you ever had a nightmare and been loath to open your eyes afterward—afraid of finding evidences of its horrors lurking somewhere around in the real world? That's exactly how I felt. Every speculation about what might be waiting for me at the end of the long flight home made me flinch and falter. Would the old fears and furies, the guilts and goblins of the past five years in Asia continue to haunt me even after I was home in the United States?

Mental illness is a terrifying thing. It lacerates and destroys self-confidence; and no matter how skillfully ego is repaired, how smoothly psychic wounds seem to have healed,

you are never entirely sure that they will not break open again. This poses a tremendous threat. When old wounds reopen, you are vulnerable once more to the inner stresses and environmental pressures that felled you in the first place. Worst of all, mental illness ravages so far beneath the surface of the conscious that its victim often finds any conscious attempts at self-control, will power, and such hopelessly ineffective.

Consequently, people who are mentally ill suffer terrible agonies of uncertainty. They are never fully convinced that they can manage, cope, adjust, even survive; and every change presents new challenges, new threats, new possibilities for failure.

I knew that returning to the United States was going to demand a host of adjustments; and even though it was home and much would be known and familiar, I wasn't sure I could cope. My husband and children and I had been away for five long years, and it had been the drastic change in environment that had triggered my illness in the first place.

I still cannot fully explain what happened to me. Some called it "culture shock," but for me it seemed far more. All I knew was that an unwelcome move halfway around the world, a move I had opposed vigorously, had taken us backward into a civilization that was fully 500 years behind our own. Try as I would, I simply could not adjust to primitive living conditions, social isolation, and a harsh debilitating climate. Life for me became an endless battle against filth, disease, and overwhelming loneliness.

I was beleaguered by a hundred fears, anxieties, guilts, and resentments. Mastering new skills and remembering old ones became more and more difficult. Even more frightening, I realized that my emotions were becoming more and more capricious and uncontrolled. Conflicts raged within me day and night. An hour's work took half a day. A simple shopping trip would utterly undo me. The slightest disagreement with another person could trigger tirades of fury or inundations of inadequate

feelings—or both. Despair became my constant companion. Almost before I realized what was happening, I had become suicidal. Death seemed increasingly enticing. I don't know what would have happened if it had not been for two events.

Medical care of any kind was hard to come by in our area, and good dental care did not exist. My teeth, however, needed attention badly, and I decided to make the 300-mile journey to an American missionary dentist. It took courage because women simply didn't travel alone in that country, but for me it turned out to be a welcome, wonderful break. The dentist practiced in a large university town, and there were several Americans on the university staff. They were full of news from home, and I learned that a fine American psychiatrist had just been appointed to head a Methodist psychiatric clinic several hundred miles away. Hearing this was like water to a desert traveler, for by then I knew that I needed help.

The second thing that happened was terrifying, but it was what finally started me on the difficult climb back to health.

My husband had a job big enough for three men, and it took him away from home much of the time. When Chris was gone I had to be both father and mother to our two small boys. Filling both parental roles is difficult even under the best circumstances, and with the pressures of a foreign environment pouring in upon me and my own internal tensions mounting, the job was more and more trying for me.

Eric and Mark were so small—four and two—they were so adventuresome, the hazards of living in this strange place were so great! And we were totally isolated from our own kind. I felt more and more trapped, more and more inadequate, more and more resentful.

I began to pile blame on Chris. After all, I told myself, it was he who had brought us to this hopelessly backward country. Back in the States I had always managed to handle things pretty well so this trouble was his fault, not mine. I began to hate him for insisting that we make the move in the first place, for being away so much of the time, and for being so utterly blind to my struggles with the boys.

Rage grew within me and began spilling out with increasing frequency. The unfortunate thing was that it was the boys who felt the brunt of my fury. Nine times out of ten I scolded the children, I nagged them, I threatened them, I punished them—sometimes unmercifully. And in doing it I developed a towering, overwhelming self-hatred.

Many times after an explosion with the boys I would remorsefully confess my shame and desperation to Chris. More than once I told him that I needed psychiatric help, but he ignored it. To this day, I don't know whether it was because the way I told him was unconvincing or because Chris just couldn't believe me; but whatever the reason, we would always end up doing nothing. Chris would trek off on still another trip, and I'd be with my back to the wall once again.

It was his going that triggered the second tide-turning event. He had been home for five days, and the boys and I had nearly devoured him, we were so starved for his presence and affection. All of us pleaded with him not to leave again right away, but he said flatly and firmly that he could not stay. People and work were waiting for him.

DEFEAT, betrayal, helpless rage, I felt them all as I watched him walk away. Apparently the boys did, too, because after he was gone I found them crying in their bedroom. Trying to keep my own tears back, I took both of them on my lap and tried to comfort them. But talking, pleading, kissing, hugging—nothing worked. They would not be consoled.

Finally the older, Eric, looked up at me and asked: "When is Daddy coming back?" I swallowed hard. This absence was going to be a long one, and I couldn't even think about counting the days. For several moments I said nothing at all, then I fairly shouted: "I don't care if your father never comes back!"

Shock, horror, total incredulity registered on those two small faces.

"Oh no! no! no! Mamma. Don't say that!" Eric cried, taking my face between his own two chubby hands, shaking his head from side to side. "No, no," wailed Mark. And the three of us sobbed together.

That was when I realized what a

terrific toll my illness was taking on the boys as well as myself. That afternoon I sat down and wrote to the American psychiatrist. And I wrote another letter. It went to Chris, and in it I told him that the boys and I just could not get along without him any longer. I also told him that I had written to the psychiatrist.

Within three days Chris was back. It was a bittersweet reunion. I knew I had taken him from his work, but now he was beginning to realize how desperate I was and was willing for me to receive psychiatric help.

Another four days brought a letter from the doctor. It was warm, forthright, and encouraging, and suggested that we—not just me but Chris and me—come down and visit the clinic. We went, and after the various therapeutic procedures were explained, we decided that I should stay on for outpatient therapy. Chris went back to care for the boys.

I am sure that neither of us had the faintest idea of the hell that was waiting for me at that clinic, but hell is what much of psychiatric therapy is. Mental illness is an intricate, complex disease because its victims, finding the demands of life too many or too difficult to handle, try to compensate in extreme ways. Things that should be nothing more than ordinary problems become distorted out of all proportion. To keep from succumbing to them completely you resort to all kinds of defense mechanisms, sublimations, projections, and scapegoating. And any of these attempts to compensate can alienate you from reality. This, in turn, makes dealing with life even harder, so the process is self-perpetuating, and self-defeating. You might say that the mentally ill cover their psychic wounds with layers and layers of compensatory scar tissue. Since this tissue is unhealthy, it has to be excised, and that is an excruciatingly painful process.

Repeatedly I decided that I could not take any more. Day after day I would leave the clinic totally depleted, altogether undone, vowing never to go back. Yet the next day I would be there again.

I was there three long months. The first two were the worst in my life. I gave up on myself. My behavior toward the boys together with my total inability to cope with life in this strange land convinced me that I was worthless. I felt alienated from

myself, from others, from God. The more I learned about myself, the less I liked myself. I despaired of ever finding any good within me.

I would have given up altogether if it had not been for three people who would not let me. From the first, they accepted me, supported me, cared for me, loved me in spite of everything.

The first was the doctor. Although I grew to resent him and resist him intensely in the course of my therapy, he would not give up. Nor would his wife, a psychiatric social worker and deeply dedicated Christian who worked hand in hand with him. In some ways her job was even more difficult than his for she had to make me see myself once again as the child of God I really was. It was she who had to help me somehow reconcile my rage with God's love, to relinquish my shame to his forgiveness, to submit my self-doubt to him.

The third person was Chris, and beyond a doubt his contribution to my healing was the biggest. Once convinced that I really was ill and that our relationship was a major reason for that illness, he did all in his power to help, even to undergoing therapy himself.

I had been at the clinic about five weeks when the doctor asked permission to call Chris in for consultations. By that time I realized that I could not rebuild all the broken bridges between us by myself, and that unless things improved between the two of us, I never would get well. The prospect of having Chris come brought both relief and hope, but it also brought anxiety because I didn't want to subject him to the pain.

He stuck it out for eight long weeks. For a while his sessions with the doctor and his wife involved only himself. Later the two of us had joint sessions with them, and it was then that we really began to make headway. Chris and I were forced into open, honest confrontation for the first time and were compelled to talk out the things that had bothered us and blocked us off from each other for so many years. We had to articulate old hurts, examine them, and assess them for what they really were.

Eventually our discussions didn't end with sessions at the clinic. We would talk on and on, often late into the night, and this was precisely what we needed to do. Gradually we be-

gan to rebuild our bridges, together.

In the rebuilding we found that the cornerstone was forgiveness. I had a lot of forgiving to do. First I had to forgive myself, and that was not easy. It happened only after I was able to see myself once again as the child of a loving, understanding, redemptive, and forgiving God. Next, I had to forgive Chris. That, too, was hard, but at last it happened. That was the turning point in my recovery.

I had been in the clinic 11 weeks. Two weeks later I was released, although I had to return for two short periods of supportive therapy. From then on, I felt amazingly well, right up to the day that our five-year contract expired. But during that flight eastward over the Pacific I began to realize just how new and tenuous my recovery was. Could I withstand the pressure of another big move, another major adjustment, another life?

I HAD been warned that my recovery would not be a steady, progressive thing; that there would be setbacks, even times when I would wonder if I had made any headway at all.

I had also been warned that continued therapy would be necessary. I dreaded establishing the old therapist-patient relationship with somebody new. Fortunately, I found in the United States, a good psychiatrist, and continued therapy proved to be my salvation, and possibly my family's, too, during those first months back.

I suffered several regressions over the next few years, but I have become better and better able to face life as it is, and to meet and deal with new challenges more and more effectively. My self-confidence is far less shaky. I have grown to trust myself more, and have learned to trust others. Best of all, life is no longer just an endurance race. It has become a rich, full, precious gift, and I have grown to enjoy it and appreciate it so much that it seems impossible that I ever should have wanted to cut myself off from it. The thought makes me shudder.

I shudder, too, when I think what I might have been like if I had not received the treatment I did. Yet if I had fallen ill in this country, my chances of being so well today would have been pretty slim. We never could have afforded the kind of outpatient treatment here that I received

abroad, and I might have ended up as one more statistic on the rolls of some state hospital, a vegetable occupying a cot or a hard wooden chair behind barred windows.

Estimates say that one out of every ten Americans needs psychiatric help. But the small percentage of those who are admitted to mental hospitals do not have very good chances of ultimate recovery. For patients hospitalized a year, the odds against discharge are about fifty-fifty. They are 16 to 1 for those hospitalized two years, and they go down to 99 to 1 by the time a patient has been in the hospital five years. And discharge does not eliminate the possibility of return. One study estimates that 40 percent of all discharged patients return for more hospitalization. Another study puts the figure at 32 percent, and a third at a dismal 50 percent.

The percentage of repeaters has dropped in very recent years, but we still are too far from a real solution to the problem of mental-health care. Too few communities offer the kind of short-term, intensive, personalized treatment that I received abroad, and too many patients have to remain tucked away in overcrowded state and federal hospitals where custodial care passes for therapy.

I am glad that I was in Asia when mental illness struck me for another reason, too. In addition to receiving excellent care I was spared having to live with the stigma that still seems to accompany mental illness in this country. So far as I know, few people in the city where we live now are aware that I was ever a victim of the disease, and I intend to keep it that way if possible. Sometimes I feel deceitful and cowardly, but wise.

The stigma is stupid and senseless, really. No one—truly no one—is completely immune from mental illness. It can happen to anybody, provided the circumstances are right, but this is either unknown or not accepted in America. It is time we Americans stop closing our eyes to that part of our population who walk in darkness every day.

We have to see the need, and then we have to reach out and try to fill it in the most effective ways possible. And we have to care, really care, about other people. I know for a fact that I never could have made that long walk back from mental illness alone. I know of no one who has. □

Doing Right Things the Wrong Way

By WILLIAM A. McCARTNEY

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OUR VACATION that summer was a relaxed trip east, stopping to see old friends, driving along familiar roads, and a stop in the rural area of central New Jersey where I served a church while in seminary some 15 years ago.

On a small country road we stopped at a produce stand to buy some fresh corn. The young teen-ager who waited on my wife saw our camping trailer and asked if we were getting home from vacation. Judy explained that we really were just starting. The girl continued the questions by asking where we lived and where we were going. Judy explained that we were from Cleveland and heading to Vermont. At this, the girl stopped, looked wide-eyed, and asked, "Isn't there a more direct route?"

It was a valid question. Sometimes mankind contrives wasteful methods of doing elemental things. Often we do simple things in the most indirect manner.

Sometimes, however, we do the proper thing, not in ways that are tedious and wasteful but ways that are in reality wrong. There are wrong ways to do right things.

In the Scripture Jesus makes an interesting and direct appeal to right procedures:

"And a leper came to him beseeching him, and kneeling said to him, 'If you will, you can make me clean.' Moved with pity, he stretched out his hand and touched him, and said to him, 'I will; be clean.' And immediately the leprosy left him, and he was made clean. And he sternly charged him, and sent him away at once, and said to him, 'See that you say nothing to any one; but go, show yourself to the priest, and offer for your cleansing what Moses commanded, for a proof to the people.' But he went out and began to talk freely about it, and to spread the news . . ." (Mark 1:40-45).

Of all diseases in those days, none was more feared than leprosy. The disease condemned a man to an ugly and agonizing death. Then there was the public reaction to lepers. They were kept in isolation. When they were permitted in public, they were required to cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

Fortunately the law provided one glimmer of hope. If anyone was cured of leprosy (few ever were), Mosaic law provided for the ceremonial purification and certification of the cure. To meet this obligation, Jesus sent the

WRONG
WAY

man to the priest. Thus Jesus completes a trilogy of responses to the man.

When the man first accosted Jesus, he violated a law for which he could have been punished. Jesus' refusal to condemn was an act of *compassion*. Second, he applied his power by curing the man. His final act in sending the man for ceremonial purification was one of *wisdom*. Although cured of leprosy, the man would still have been considered unclean until the cure had been established by ceremonial law.

Here was Jesus transforming a dying man into a new person—but he did not consider the renewal complete until the man had submitted to the ceremonial law (the red tape, if you will) of ancient Jewish custom. Without that Jesus knew he might have been doing the right thing—the wrong way. This story speaks powerfully to the impatient revolutionaries of today.

Our society is well aware that we do not live in a Utopia. We find ourselves in a society permeated with frustration and injustice. I thank God that we are honest enough to admit much of this, that we have the compassion and courage to confront these problems.

However, there are those who are impatient. They have a deep sense of what ought to be and an uncontrollable urge to have it come now. They want to rid society of its impurities and in the process are ready to destroy anything with moral or social blemish. They intone the name of Jesus and his sense of justice but forget his sense of patience. They forget that Jesus also worked within the "system" to bring about change.

The concern that we accomplish the renewal of society the right way comes from the historic and intuitive conviction that change without order or discipline is condemned to chaos and failure. Recently, Dr. David Seamands, a former Methodist missionary, recounted an experience which occurred more than two decades ago in India. At the time of partition there was bloodshed as India took control of areas previously under Moslem influence. Dr. Seamands was in such a city when India's Army swept through, removing all vestiges of earlier control and then moving on.

Community organizers were to follow and establish new civil law. But for 24 hours this particular town of 35,000 was without effective government or order. The agony of that "longest day" prompted Dr. Seamands to realize that we dare never be naïve about how dangerous a force revolution is.

Perhaps some of you are saying, "Right on, preacher!" With the insecurity and frustration in our changing revolutionary time, any apparent biblical condemnation of these forces is met with applause. But we dare not be too smug. Our own patterns of living show similar faults—doing right things the wrong way.

It even happened to Peter. At the time of the Transfiguration he suggested that they build booths there on the mountaintop to preserve that great moment indefinitely. He was quickly chastised by a word from Jesus. Moments of spiritual exultation, he said, are not to be hoarded. Rather they are to inspire men to go down from the mountaintop to serve men in the valleys.

Historically, the church has often sought to protect orthodoxy by purges, inquisitions, whisper campaigns, and guilt by association. One of the frightening images coming from the recent television series on the wives of

Henry VIII, was of the ugliness in a quest for rigid orthodoxy. What is most frightening to me today is the realization that some sectors of Christendom want to revive it. They certainly support it, if not consciously, at least unconsciously.

Strategically, the church has often erred in its efforts to evangelize others. The Crusades were a tragic chapter in Western history when the church sought to make converts through conquest. There are preachers today, some of them quite prominent, who try to bring persons to the redeeming, forgiving love of God by scare tactics. Individually, we get caught in the trap of defending some questionable activity by saying, "But he's so sincere in his beliefs." We seem to use "sincerity" as a handy excuse against confronting new ideas or examining the implications of the present acts. Sincerity can be a weak excuse when we do the right things the wrong way.

You would not be surprised if I suggested that the church is not the only place where people do the right thing in the wrong way. Perhaps a dismayed and bewildered nation ought to be applying this measure of evaluation to the bloody confrontation at the New York State Prison in Attica last September. It may be dangerous to make firm judgments about the tragic sequence of events. It would be arrogant to make a final assignment of guilt or responsibility.


By the same token it would be irresponsible to leave the analysis solely to the news media or others who are without the foundation of moral evaluation. This is an incident permeated with moral implications. Therefore, all Christians are compelled to focus their concern, their prayers, and their moral scrutiny. Perhaps this is the first application of the theme. It is proper that a full analysis be made of the entire incident. It would be wrong for such an evaluation to be made without a trained, effective, and articulate Christian voice.

Only God knows for certain what might have happened in such a crisis if different decisions had been made. Although our Christian conscience compels us to make judgment about such incidents, the right way to use those judgments is not to crucify those who lived through the torment. Rather, it is our responsibility to pick up the pieces, bind up the wounds, and begin to bring about real reforms needed in our society.

Earlier, I suggested that Jesus applied three responses to the leper. First, he showed compassion for him. Second, he used his power to bring healing and, finally, he used wisdom by having the man present himself to the priest according to the established law of that day.

Perhaps the final act of Jesus was the most significant. Ironically, it may be the easiest for us to overlook. We live in a power-conscious society where people still want to assume that "might makes right." The imperatives of compassion must be seen or life will lose its human qualities. Neither power nor compassion is complete or effective unless applied with wisdom. It was this quality which permitted Jesus to do the right thing in the right way. And it is this quality we need today as a world wrestles with many difficult issues.

God stirs the compassion within us which prompts us to act. He gives us the power to accomplish more than we ever dreamed. We now pray that he may give us the wisdom to use these and all his gifts in the most honest and effective way. □



Wonder Lies in a Round Rainbow

By CARYL PORTER

THAT YEAR I was ten. My father was the minister of a small church in a Midwestern town. This was already my third school, and I was in the fifth grade. I hoped we wouldn't have to move again.

One day Celia spoke to me. She was the jeweler's daughter. They lived in a big white house and went to the stone church on their side of town.

"See my diamond ring?" Tossing her long black hair like a restless pony, she stretched out her hand. On her little finger was a thin gold band set with a diamond. Colors flashed, and I saw the sky and the green of leaves reflected in the stone.

"It's only a little one." She tossed her hair again.

"Daddy says I can have a big one when I graduate from high school." I couldn't think of anything to say. Celia laughed and walked away with two of her friends.

One day after school I told my father, "I don't have any friends." I knew I was going to cry and before I knew what I was saying, I sobbed, "Celia has a diamond ring."

He was sitting at the desk in his big, high-backed chair. "Come, Caryl." He motioned with his pipe to the chair across from him. "Come, let us read together."

He handed me a volume of German poetry. I took the heavy brown book. It smelled of old leather and its thin pages made soft whispering sounds as I turned them. Through my tears I began to read aloud.

"That is good, Caryl," my father said. "but turn the r more on your tongue. Like a bird's note." He leaned back

in his chair, smoke from his pipe making fragrant streamers in the hazy air.

We would read from Goethe, or from Schiller:

*Freude, schöner, Gotter-funken,
Tochter aus Elysium.*

"One day you will hear it sung, Caryl," my father told me. "Beethoven did it even better." He nodded his head. "Even better. You will see."

All the while my father and I read, I knew he was seeing, from some window of his memory, towers on the Rhine, the flowing river; breathing the winy, golden air of his homeland. I looked at the rows of books on the walls, thinking that my father knew everything in all of them. I wondered whether someday I would acquire all knowledge available to mankind as he had done.

That year my mother and I wore clothes that came in missionary boxes. Mother did not enjoy sewing, but she altered the clothes so we could wear them. She cut down a gray coat for me. It was the right length when she finished, but it was broad in the shoulders and roomy in the sleeves. She pinned a red flower on the lapel.

The dresses I wore to school were sometimes crepe or satin. I knew I was different. The other girls knew it, too. But in the evenings my father would wind up the old phonograph and put on a record. He would smile at my mother and me and say, "Now. Mozart." Then everything was all right, and we were safe there together with the music, with one another.

One spring day the girls were talking about Celia's birthday party. "Remember the clown last year?" one girl said. "I love circus parties!"

"I liked the one before that when they took us all to the movies," said another girl. "What is it going to be this year, Celia?"

Celia laughed. "It's a secret," she said, looking at us as we stood there in a ring around her. "It's going to be the best one of all. I'm sending the invitations in the mail. Everybody's invitation will come in the mail."

I told my mother about it. I told her I wished I could have a new dress for the party. A real dress. A dress of my own. "What can I give Celia?" I asked my mother. What can you give a girl who has a diamond ring?

I did not get a new dress. Not really. Mother cut down a white cotton and I felt almost right in it. She made an apron and helped me embroider Celia on the pocket in little blue letters. I thought it was beautiful.

At school the girls talked about the invitations they had received. I heard them talking to each other, but they would change the subject when I came near. I had a sick feeling that Celia was not going to ask me, that I would be the only one not going to her party.

But she seemed friendly to me. She said, "Caryl, I wish I could write a poem like the one you wrote. The one Miss Jameson read in class yesterday."

I hoped again. If she liked my poem, maybe she liked me, too. Three days before the party I called to my mother when I came home from school. "Mother, has my invitation come yet?"

Father answered. "Your mother is not at home, *Liebchen*. There was no mail." As he looked at me, he seemed to know what I was thinking. "Do this for me, please," he said. "I have not yet seen the new dress. Put it on, that I may see how you look in it."

I went to my room and put on the white dress. I

combed my straight hair and stared at myself, solemn and pale in the shadowy mirror. Then I went downstairs and stood before my father.

"Turn around." He circled the air with his pipe. I revolved before him slowly. "Like a flower," he said. "Like a snowdrop. But are those the shoes to wear with such a dress?" I wore my brown oxfords. "Come," he said, "come." Together we went down into the town.

When my mother came home, I heard them talking, but I couldn't hear all they said. I was in my room with my new shoes. I had never had black patent-leather slippers before. I stroked the surface of them, mirror bright. I smelled the fresh new smell of them. I felt them smooth and strong against the skin of my fingers, and then, princesslike on my feet. For my father I would have walked on swords, like the little mermaid. But in my new shoes there were only shafts of love.

On the day of the party my invitation still had not come. That Saturday afternoon was balmy with spring. I put on my white dress and my new shoes and sat on the back porch to wait for the mailman. Celia's package was beside me. My mother came out and stood by me.

"Do you suppose I will ever have a diamond ring?" I asked her. I took her hand, the one with the ring on it, and looked into the diamond. It was smaller than Celia's and I could not see the myriad colors I had seen in Celia's ring; only a hint of red, a shadow of blue.

Then I saw Mr. Elliot, the mailman, walk past the corner. I went into the house and watched from the hall window. He didn't even pause. He walked right by our mailbox. And then I knew for sure.

I went up to my room and shut the door. Tearing the wrapping off Celia's apron, I crumpled it into a ball and threw it on the floor. I took off my white dress and put on my Saturday clothes. I started to take off my new shoes, but then the tears came. I lay on my bed with my face in the pillow and I cried for a long time. My throat hurt and it was hard to breathe. After a while, though, the tears stopped. I smoothed out the apron, washed my face, and went down to the back porch again.

Soon my father came out and placed a bowl of soapy water beside me. He laid a piece of an old woolen mitten on the step. I had worn those mittens the year I was four. Mother had knit them. Then he put a wooden bubble pipe on my lap. I looked at it and held it against my face. The wood was smooth and tan, and it touched me comfortably, like my father's hand.

I dipped into the soapsuds and blew a family of small bubbles which flew away on the soft wind. The bubble pipe tasted woody and tart, faintly tinged with soap.

Holding the woolen mitten on my left hand, I began to blow a large bubble. Evenly letting out my breath in tiny wisps of air, I watched it grow. There were little windows in it. When it was ripe, I flicked it carefully from the bowl of my pipe to the piece of wool and held it while it quivered and shimmered. There would never again be one just like it. I made it myself, and when it left me it would go where all bubbles go.

As I looked at it, just before it burst, I saw the most lovely colors. I saw the sky and the budding trees. I saw the back door of my house, and although I did not see my parents, I knew they were there. I saw all the fragile wonders of the world. And when at last my bubble burst, I felt cool and gentle moisture on my cheek. □

STATE LOTTERIES:

Christians Must Say No!

By ALAN S. BROWN

Advance copies of Mr. Brown's article were mailed to randomly selected *Together* subscribers for their reactions. A summary of their answers to a questionnaire, plus some of their individual comments appear on pages 43 and 44. Perhaps your name will be drawn for our next *Stimulus/Response* presentation. —Your Editors

ON MARCH 11, 1971, a senior citizens property-tax assistance act was passed by the legislature of my state, Pennsylvania. Any bill which grants a measure of tax relief to our senior citizens on low, fixed incomes has my warmest support—usually.

On May 10, 1971, the state senate passed a bill establishing a state lottery, "the net proceeds of which are to be used exclusively for the purpose of providing tax relief for the elderly." Shortly thereafter the house passed it and the governor signed it. The first drawing is scheduled for sometime in 1972.

Being opposed to a bill with such a high sounding purpose is, I suspect, somewhat akin to being opposed to motherhood—unless you are at a Women's Liberation meeting. But I was—and am—against a state lottery, a form of legalized betting, no matter how good the cause to which the money goes.

This does not mean that I declare as eternally damned all who ever engage in a friendly game of penny ante, make a small wager on the golf links, purchase an Irish Sweepstakes ticket, play "bonus bingo" at their local supermarket, take part in a cakewalk, or play Monopoly or Parcheesi. The biblical tradition and the tradition of the church simply do not allow such a blanket negative injunction, although the judging and redeeming Word of God is always brought to bear on those who spend foolish amounts of time or money on such a game or for whom the game becomes their god.

There are four basic biblical and practical reasons why I believe a Christian citizen must say no to state lotteries.

First, a state lottery fails to take history seriously—particularly man's potential to be sinful, greedy, and corrupt.

Overlooked by proponents of the state lottery is the long American experience with lotteries. Throughout the Colonial period lotteries were commonly used to raise funds for schools, churches, and various public works. During the Revolution a plan was advanced to gain support for the Colonial troops through a lottery. The lottery was not successful, and, as usual, abuses arose, including the widespread counterfeiting of tickets.

In March, 1777, Rhode Island made such counterfeiting punishable by death "without benefit of clergy," plus confiscation of all property. The death penalty was similarly imposed by North Carolina. In 1812, Massachusetts authorized a lottery to raise \$16,000 to repair Plymouth beach. After nine years the lottery was still not completed, and although net receipts had totaled \$886,436, the intended beneficiary had received only \$9,876. In 1830, the Rhode Island treasurer reported that through the preceding three years the state had received only \$43,516 from \$4 million worth of lotteries.

By the 1830s, most of the states had outlawed lotteries. Following the Civil War, however, some of the poverty-stricken Southern states again turned to lotteries to support charitable ventures. One of these, the Louisiana lottery, became so corrupt that on July 30, 1890, President Benjamin Harrison sent a message to Congress saying that because people of all states were being "debauched and defrauded," legislation should be enacted making it a criminal offense to deposit lottery matter in the U.S. mail. By September that year Congress had enacted such legislation. Shortly thereafter the Louisiana legislature became the last of the states to ban lotteries.

But now, 80 years later, states are beginning to turn again to the lottery—and with similar results. In New Jersey, for instance, professional gamblers have been selling tickets at double the state asking price, promising that the winners' prizes will be doubled.

In his definitive study of American lotteries from Colonial days to the 1890s, historian John S. Ezell concluded in 1960 that "a study of over 1,300 legal lotteries in the United States proves that . . . the most careful supervision cannot eradicate the inevitable abuses in a system particularly susceptible to fraud."

When asked for his opinion of the New Hampshire sweepstakes, the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy, a former U.S. attorney general, stated: "The history of lotteries in this country indicates that a large share of the take went to the promoters of the lottery in spite of the controls enacted along with the lottery legislation . . . Corruption of officials charged with the administration of

the lottery seems to have taken place as a matter of course."

Despite all the evidence of past failures most Pennsylvania people seem to support their new lottery. Supporters say, "Things are different now. Why, over half the bill consists of safeguards that have been written into it." How naive we are!

The semiliterate but tremendously wise Hebrew nomads who gathered around campfires caught a truth about man that we fail to take seriously. All around them they saw that persons seemed to have a strong potential to be sinful, greedy, and corrupt. To explain this behavior, they told a poignant story about a man and a woman (who were meant to represent every man and every woman) who lived in a beautiful garden but who finally yielded to these inner urgings and ate the only food in that garden that was forbidden.

Man does have the potential to be sinful, greedy, and corrupt. The approval of a state lottery fails to take seriously this observation as it is illustrated in the biblical story of the nature of man! It also fails to take seriously this observation as it is illustrated in the history of lotteries in this country—including current experiences in several states.

Second, a state lottery fails to take service and love for one's neighbor seriously.

One of the commandments given by Jesus is: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." Love for neighbor is a major theme in the Christian life. Christian love is often thought of as a relationship expressed between individual neighbors. But the Christian is also concerned for his neighbors in the crowd—those near and far whom he may not know personally. We need to recognize that all men are *not* created equal in their native ability, their inherited position, or their social potential. But all men are equally recipients of God's love—and therefore of the Christian's love. A Christian will not use another person as a means for his own gain. Nor will he be content while others do so. Which brings us to the question the Christian must always ask: When lotteries are legalized, what persons are the losers?

The police first of all are the losers. If the police cannot successfully suppress gambling operations *before* legalization, they will certainly have less success in suppressing unauthorized gambling *after* legalization. Neither the public nor the courts will evidence much concern over an illegal operation when the state itself is engaged in the same type of venture legally. Add to this the historically proven fact that criminals, corruption, racketeering, and graft will enter the state lottery and one readily sees the increased task that such a proposal means for our police.

The poor are the losers, too. The experience of other countries, as well as that of the United States, indicates that low-income people buy proportionately more tickets than do middle and high-income people. This means that money for meat and for shoes goes instead to buy nearly worthless lottery tickets. The lure of the lottery, and the reasons why so many poorer people buy tickets, is the possibility of winning a fortune on a relatively small investment. Lotteries provide the possibility for the "one-time killing" that everyone dreams about.

But beyond this, lotteries violate every concept of equitable tax procedure. They tax the poor—the least

able to afford it. Through lotteries the government collects funds not from those who are best able to pay but from those who are least able to resist.

The neurotic persons who become gambling addicts are the losers. For a relatively small number of persons, playing the lottery becomes a disease, a craze, a fever. Like the alcoholic, the compulsive gambler sees his defenses collapse. The little stakes that once offered a thrill no longer satisfy, and he finds himself ever more deeply involved in a habit that slowly destroys him. The next stop may be embezzlement, broken marriage, neglected children, poverty, even suicide.

The ignorant and the naive are the losers—gullible folk who do not realize how great are the odds against their winning.

Recently I had a conversation with a person, one among many, who was in favor of the lottery. On learning that she is not planning to buy any lottery tickets, I asked her why she favored it. She replied, "Because taxes on our homes have gotten so high, and anything that will bring them down is worth trying." But looking at people through the eyes of Jesus, we must see not potential lottery customers but children of God. How cold and calculating to multiply so many millions of citizens by so many lottery tickets per month and come up with a balanced budget!

Third, a state lottery fails to take the stewardship of money seriously. A lottery is not the panacea that many think it will be.

The number of tickets expected to be sold is almost always exaggerated. Two examples: In California applicable taxes of the average person were reduced from \$120 to \$119 following the introduction of the lottery. In Nevada, where the gambling tax is most significant, it covers 20 percent of the state budget, while a sales tax covers another 20 percent!

Add to this the fact that a state lottery always depresses business—as does all gambling. A wage earner simply cannot spend his money twice. If he spends his wages for lottery tickets, he will not be able to spend those same wages for clothes, food, appliances, and automobiles. Another depressing factor for business is caught up in the warning by the governor of Nevada that where gambling is legalized "job turnover increases and industry suffers." And Nevada with virtually no industry and no new industry willing to make the investment to come into the state is ready proof of his warning.

In considering the stewardship of money, it is well to weigh the words of the late Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin: "Every dollar raised [in this way] means five dollars spent in higher police costs, higher penitentiary costs, and higher relief costs."

John Ezell, the historian referred to earlier, found that the 1,300 U.S. lotteries studied "cost more than they brought in if their total impact on society is reckoned."

The Tax Institute of America calls lotteries "only one manifestation of the search for Santa Claus in financing public services," part of "the great game of dodging the financial burden." The institute concludes, "Yet no matter how many ingenious schemes we devise, sooner or later we learn that there is no Santa Claus and there is no panacea. In the long run, 'painless' methods frequently turn out to be the most painful."

Stewardship of money—including state funds—must be

ot concern to followers of the One who told the parable of the talents, was concerned about the widow's mite, and was himself an exemplary steward of all that he had.

Fourth, a state lottery fails to take the sovereignty of God seriously.

The great commandment of Jesus is: "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind." Substantiating this commandment for the Christian is the Old Testament warning, "You shall have no other gods before me." Money has become our god. It has replaced the God of Jesus. We have elevated money and material gain to the place of priority in life. In spite of the fact that most of us are living better than we ever have, we bellyache incessantly about high taxes and about how rough we have it financially. So now many Christians are ready to jump on the something-for-nothing bandwagon of state lottery—legalized betting. Money is our god! But listen to Jesus:

"No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon." □

Readers Respond

1. Does your state operate a state lottery?
14% yes 73% no 13% don't know
2. Do you (would you) approve a state lottery?
7% yes 86% no 7% don't know
3. Is pari-mutuel betting legal in your state?
33% yes 44% no 23% don't know
4. Do you approve of pari-mutuel betting?
10% yes 74% no 16% don't know
5. Have you ever participated for a cash prize in a game of chance, bingo, or card games?
56% yes 43% no 1% don't know
6. Do you approve of churches sponsoring bingo as fund-raising events?
17% yes 78% no 5% don't know
7. Do you approve of organizations selling chances on a prize (TV, car, and so on) to raise funds?
30% yes 63% no 7% don't know
8. Do you agree or disagree with the author's contention that a lottery is unchristian?
71.5% agree 8.5% disagree 20% don't know

COMMENTS

I was brought up to believe that both drinking and gambling are sinful. In the past 50 years I have seen much to support this contention and little to refute it.

—Horace N. Bascom, Charlestown, N.H.

Sure, someone wins a large amount of money in a lottery but at the expense of so many wrongs. It is just one more step along the way to an unchristianlike nation.

If it is true that state lotteries have reduced taxes very little, these facts should be made clearly known to the electorate. However, even if they did reduce taxes or gather in additional revenue, Pastor Brown's article clearly shows the damning influence a lottery has on the lives of many, many people.

—John M. Dougrey, Ponca City, Okla.

Missouri doesn't have legalized gambling, but we are right across the river from Illinois which does. My thoughts are that if anyone wants to take a chance on winning or losing his money in this area, he will do so by going to Illinois or betting with bookies. I'm not a gambler myself and never could be. If I'm going to spend money, I want to be certain that I will get what I pay for. I don't believe in churches having gambling of any sort. I think money for our churches should be given with love and gratitude for God's blessings. On the other hand, we have a volunteer fire department in our small community. They sell fire tags for a very small fee and many people won't buy them, but when we have our annual barbecue with games of chance, they all turn out, which makes it possible to operate the fire department.

If a lottery could be operated on the up and up, I would go along with it, but seeing the graft that goes along with so many of our government-controlled things, I'm doubtful. Also I would be dubious about the kind of people it would draw to our community.

—Dorothy Marsden, Hillsboro, Mo.

As a businessman, I have participated in many fund-raising efforts for community purposes. However, as a church member, I believe the church can be supported (in fact, better than it is being supported) by financial contributions of Christ-motivated persons without "special" fund-raising activities. My experience is that a realistic valuation of time and expense put into any fund-raising activity indicates a person could make a substantial contribution and come out cheaper. Basically, we support that which interests us.

—Emerson Meggs, Adams, Tenn.

It speaks of lotteries in the Bible, and it doesn't speak ill of them. But on the other hand I just don't believe in them as gambling at all.

—Mrs. Paul Hollon, Browning, Mo.

During World War II, I was very close to a soldier who only lived for the day when he would win all the money in the dice games. He never won. He used all the money he had, all that his father and mother would send him, and also begged money from his working wife.

My question is, How far am I to go in opposing such things as lottery, pari-mutuel, numbers, hard liquor, beer, and cigarettes to be my brother's keeper?

—Clifton W. Nabors, Grenada, Miss

I wouldn't consider buying a lottery ticket unchristian anymore than I would consider investment in speculative real estate or the stock market unchristian. Furthermore, if a lottery ticket purchase is unchristian, then

surely firemen's field-day tickets, check pools at work, and such, would be unchristian, too—which I do not believe to be the case.

My objection to a state lottery is on the basis of state operation of something which such a large percentage of the people feel is morally wrong. To tax and control operations of this sort (betting, alcohol, and so forth) is a proper function of the state but operation with its consequent endorsement is not. Just as we cannot legislate morality, our state should not endorse and operate something of such questionable morality to so many of its citizens.

—Eugene Boggess, Detroit, Mich.

The article is typical of irrelevant and ineffective sermons preached in so many churches filled with Christians who do nothing to solve problems which could be solved if people were moved to do something for a Christian cause rather than sit, pray, sing, and pay to hear some preacher tell them how to get the Lord to do it. For a starter Pastor Brown might consider what he, his congregation, or the Pennsylvania United Methodists might do to help senior citizens on low, fixed incomes pay the property tax or gain exemption from paying it.

—T. K. Henderson, Dallas, Texas

In New York State the lottery was devised to provide funds for education. The amount of money received has been very much smaller than anticipated—and much urging and new schemes have been devised to try to make it work.

Gambling in any form is unchristian. We need to be responsible people and use our money as good stewards. Nowadays people jump on the bandwagon if they think they can get something for nothing, regardless of its merit or effect on others.

—Doris M. Wright, Moravia, N.Y.

I do not feel it is the church's affair to make this decision about lotteries.

—Russell S. Miller, Highland Park, Ill.

The author tries too hard to equate bad money management with buying lottery tickets and so ends up saying bad money management is unchristian. I don't think it is. In fact, trying to make people spend their money as I think they should is much more unchristian!

Mr. Brown states that state lotteries lead to corruption but he does not say how or why the corruption develops.

I would have also liked to see recent figures on money brought in by New Hampshire and New York lotteries—a lot of improvement could have taken place since the statistics he used from the 1800s.

I myself do not buy lottery tickets, but it is because of a personal ethic instilled in me as a child that we must work for what we get (the good old Puritan ethic), and I'm not convinced that it applies today. Gambling (bingo, horse racing) brings just as much pleasure to some people—and at no greater cost—as skiing or movies bring to others.

—Name withheld on request

It is better for people to bet legally in state lotteries than illegally in crime-controlled games of chance.

—Jerry Don Heflin, Woodhaven, Mich.

If a person wants to gamble, I figure that it is his

business—I don't care to gamble. Catholic churches in Oklahoma City had bingo games for years—didn't bother me.

—Arthur Larkin, Talihina, Okla.

If a person wants to gamble, he is going to do just that; and if he is moderate, uses his own recreation funds, and his conscience is clear, I do not believe it is a sin.

—Name withheld on request

Nevada, which gets much of its revenue from gambling and commercialized easy divorce, was called the "moral sewer of the nation" by an Eastern bishop some years ago. Crime has increased the last few years at Las Vegas, due in part to legalized gambling. An organization called Gamblers Anonymous has been active for some years to try to get gamblers to give up the nefarious practice.

It is a tragedy that both gambling and the liquor traffic is much worse in Christian (or so-called Christian) countries than in Moslem countries. State lotteries and other forms of legalized gambling should be firmly and consistently opposed by all right-thinking people.

—H. M. Going, Boaz, Ala.

Christ said that he came to give life and give it more abundantly. A follower who has caught his spirit of love, sympathy, and understanding cannot accept synthetic consistently opposed by all right-thinking people.

I wish the Christian people would speak out more firmly against the causes of many of our problems today and put less emphasis on cures which so seldom seem to cure. Rather than a lottery, it would be much better if income-tax laws were overhauled so that each taxpayer would pay his fair share. The current tax laws are loaded with loopholes through which many wealthy people and corporations escape paying a large percentage of what they should pay. A lottery is a hidden tax. Hidden taxes are always bad. A large number of people who buy lottery tickets do not realize they are paying a tax and a very small percentage of what they pay is available for state expenses.

—Mrs. Sara D. Garrett, Oxon Hill, Md.

Lotteries and games of chance are but a couple of life's endeavors that corrupt our minds and thoughts, but were not these present, many of us would never know the joys of overcoming evil . . . It's my mind that we must have adversities in this life to make us struggle toward our goals.

—James G. Martin, Old Town, Maine

I do not approve of lotteries—state or otherwise—but to say it is unchristian is a hard question to answer. What does unchristian mean? Do we ask if a thing is Christian or unchristian when we do it or approve it in our everyday life? Many things we do and approve of are unchristian—yet are accepted by society and even the church . . . The church and its supporters should better spend their time and energy in helping the people overcome their desire to sin instead of opposing legislation that they feel will do their job for them. For even without legalized gambling the church and its supporters still have a tremendous job to do which I feel it is falling short of.

—Mrs. Donald Ricke, Cambridge, Minn.

'Where Is Our Mr. Clutter?'

To: The Editor of *Together*

From: J. Freeman, County News Desk
Rock City Weekly *Clarion*

It seems that our mutual friend Mr. H. Clutter, who delights in writing for both our publications, really has things balled up this time. Yesterday morning the *Clarion* received a bulky letter, eight cents postage due, which contained:

1. Three handwritten pages obviously intended for *Together*.

2. Two handwritten pages containing only a part of Mr. Clutter's usual weekly "Here and There About Elsewhere" neighborhood news items.

Apparently Mr. Clutter was mailing two letters at the same time and, acting with characteristic last-minute haste, put some of your mail in our envelope and some of ours in your envelope. He probably did this when he saw the RFD carrier speeding down the road toward his home. It is typical of him to end almost every one of his letters with: "Must close now as I see the mailman coming."

For your information, the last item of his *Clarion* contribution breaks off in the middle of a sentence. It goes like this: "Friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clutter, well-known residents of this community, will be glad to know that they have arranged—"

Could you enlighten us on the remainder of this, since it may be something we can use next week?

Meanwhile, there is nothing much we can do about the other lost items from Elsewhere. We tried several times to reach the Clutter home by telephone but no one answered.

To: The Rock City Weekly *Clarion*

From: The Editor of *Together*

Like you, we tried to reach Mr. Clutter by telephone and became concerned when no one answered. We then asked the operator to put us through to another person frequently



mentioned in Hegbert's letters, a Mr. Froggie Fenton. The only Fenton listed at Elsewhere, however, is one Warren Woodrow Fenton. No one answered that phone either.

Yes, we received two pages of items which Mr. Clutter no doubt wrote for your newspaper. While we do not feel that they are appropriate for *Together*, you may be interested in knowing that the item you quoted in part reads as follows:

"Friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clutter, well-known residents of this community, will be glad to know that they have arranged to attend the Gen. Conf. of the United Methodist Church in Atlanta next April 17-27, where Mr. Clutter again will serve as a alternate delegate. They will leave their youngest boy, Little Willie, in care of Bro. and Mrs. Harol Viktor, whom is the Clutters pastor, and are looking forward to a injoyable trip

in the company of their friends and naybors, Mr. and Mrs. Froggie Fenton. While in Atlanta the Fentons plan to spend 2 nites in a big hotel, visit relitives, the Syclorama, and Stone Mt., altho Mr. Clutter hisself xpects to be tyed up in important church legislative matters thruout the Conf., if the Hon. Judge Providus Pendleton of whom he is a alternate gits sick or perhaps falls down stares and brakes a leg."

We were momentarily relieved to read this, Mr. Freeman, thinking our erstwhile scribe was alive and well and on his way to Atlanta. However, one of the brighter members of our staff pointed out that the conference is weeks away.

Where is our Mr. Clutter?

To pursue this matter to what we hope is a happy ending we are sending carbon copies of this letter by air-mail to Mr. Clutter, and to his pastor,

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THE SINGING

the Rev. Harold Victor who, by the way, doesn't answer his telephone either.

To: The Editor of *Together*
From: Hegbert Clutter, Esq.

Dear Editor: All is well down hear, and I am sorrie their was so much confusion regarding my not being home and even more sorrie you mist out on 1 of my letters, I think it was one of the best. However, must be xcused for mixing up the letters as I am a busy man and you shud thank your luckie stars to git even the rong letter from me this month.

If you and the editurs at the Clarion was as alert and up on the news down hear as I am you wood of knew what was going on. The Clutters, the Fentons, and the Bro. Viktors all motored to the state capital last Wed., Thurs., and Fri., to buy accessories and proper attire for our big trip to Atlanta. Little Willie went along as school was out on account of a 3 day meeting of the Rock County Teachers Assn., and we stayed in a big motel down their. Bro. Viktor went along to advise on what kind of duds to ware in Atlanta and on the floor of the Genl. Conf., where I hope to be if Judge Pendleton shud becum inkapacitated. Froggie bought him some stripped shorts and some fiel glasses with which to view the sites of Atlanta up close since he will have a room on the 14th floor of a big hotel. His name is Warren Woodrow Fenton all right but I never knew him by no other name xcept Froggie.

Well, I guess you are glad to know that I have not had some kind of a seizure or fit and am not in a institution of some kind.

Must close now as I see the mail man coming but have time to add that I also tried to git in touch with you by telephone but no answer. Dont you all up their ever work on a Saturday?

Sinsereely, *H. Clutter*

Backyard Battlefield

BANG! You're dead!" The gun-totin' cowboys, Indians, soldiers, and Marines are at it again in our neighborhood. Little children stagger and drop under pretended clubbings and shootings. Voices match the violence of the game.

What does a Christian family do in the midst of so much "destructive" play? With the warfare raging in our yard each afternoon, the problem became acute. Our four children had never had toy guns of their own; the crisis called for a family council.

After discussion we hit upon *this* idea: Someone ought to care for the "wounded." This became a family project. A pup tent was set up as a field hospital, supplied with all medical necessities—bandages, slings, bottles, candy pills.

Our children became the medical corpsmen who cared for the wounded on both sides. They were identified by arm bands, the nurse was appropriately dressed, and a stretcher was made from heavy-duty poplin and broom handles for them to use.

Soon everyone hoped to be a stretcher case and get a free ride to the hospital—a game in itself. Interest in the battles dwindled and the medical corps increased to include all the neighborhood children, who took turns being on duty. Then the corps underwent transitions to become the Red Cross helping after a tornado, the police first-aid station, and the fire-department rescue squad.

It's a welcome change. Instead of playing games of death and violence, the children learn the fundamentals of caring for those in need of help. And, furthermore, they love it. —*Ellen W. Brashares*

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To the Child Who Forgot About Mother's Day



IT DOESN'T MATTER. Honest, Scout's honor! Sure, I appreciate the gifts and cards the older children gave me, but you didn't come empty-handed, you know. Sometimes, after you're in bed at night, and I'm looking through your school papers, or scraping the mud off your tennis shoes, or patching the knees in another pair of pants, I realize how rich being needed has made me. And that's a present no boy's allowance could buy.

I wonder if you really know how many gifts you have given me during your 10 years. You may not remember, but I do. I remember gifts like the snug feel of a downy head, warm against my breast and too soon gone . . . the sound of a toddler-voice undoing a scolding with "Love it the mama." I remember the quick leap of pride I felt the first time you remembered to say "Thank you" without being told, and the time you cried because your sister got hurt. And sometimes when I am making beds, I chuckle out loud, remembering the day you piled all your stuffed animals in bed with me "to make Mommie's headache better." Gifts of the past, but I remember.

I also remember a little boy who, standing on a fresh edge of life, taught me to see, really see the miracle of a yolk-yellow dandelion, to really *feel* the wonder of the first snow falling softly on an upturned face, to really hear the mourning dove's lonely call in the prairie twilight. The gift of my senses made fresh with little-boy wonder, what store could stock a treasure to equal that?

Things in stores can be bought by anyone, but there are some gifts that no one but you could give. The day your grandfather died, you gave me the only advice that is worth anything at a time like that: "It's okay to cry, Mom." A bit of wisdom that small boys know instinctively but grown-ups have to remember. The gift of understanding, priceless beyond words.

This might be a good time to thank you, too, for those gifts of boyish chivalry: "You can have the green chair, Mom." . . . "Hold it down, guys, Mom's resting." . . . "Aw, Mom, ya weakling. Let me carry that." Thanks for these glimpses of the man you will be someday. I like him already.

Thanks, too, for the sad-proud feeling I had the day you walked away from me at your first summer camp. You didn't look back. Your ego-propping swagger was a bit too forced, but the sure knowledge that I had helped to equip you to face life without me was a bittersweet bouquet no florist could have sold you for Mother's Day.

Oh, you've got your faults, fella. You are noisy (oh boy, are you noisy sometimes!) and you forget to brush your teeth, and you're allergic to some kinds of work (like homework and emptying wastebaskets). But you are getting better about combing your hair and washing your hands before meals, and hanging up your clothes, and feeding the dogs. I'd choose these small gifts over perfume or candy any day!

So don't worry about not having a package for me. There will be plenty of time for gifts of *things* later, when dandelions have turned into weeds and the first snowfall no longer sprinkles wonder on your face. Then you can give me a wrapped-up package with a fancy card, and I'll accept it with love . . . and a smile . . . and a twinge of regret. —Marilyn Morgan Helleberg

Letters

VALLEY HOPE GAVE TOOLS FOR A NEW WAY OF LIFE

We enjoyed so much the article on Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center. [See *Concern + Action = Change*, February, page 46]. Martha Lane deserves thanks for writing such an informative story.

My husband and I were at Valley Hope for treatment when Miss Lane was interviewing members of the staff for the article, and we have been looking forward to seeing it in print. We feel that the center gave us the motivation and tools to find a new way of life in which we rely on a God we can understand.

We have both been members of The United Methodist Church at one time and feel that the church should become active in helping suffering alcoholics and their families.

NAME WITHHELD BY EDITOR

TREAT ALCOHOLICS, BUT PREACH ABSTINENCE, TOO

I had mixed reactions to the article *Concern + Action = Change*. I am glad that it emphasized that alcoholism is a disease, an idea from which most so-called temperance organizations shy away.

However, I am disturbed by some of the statements quoted from the Rev. Bob Adams, founder of Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center:

"We have done more harm than good by preaching total abstinence. People won't go to a minister for help if the minister has already condemned them."

Can we not preach total abstinence on a factual basis without condemning people who drink? Here we have the classic problem of warning against sin without condemning the sinner. I was encouraged by the fact that Mr.

Adams went on to say that in his opinion the church has given more support to people with drinking problems than any other organization.

I feel that the church should be concerned both for treatment of alcoholics and the preaching of total abstinence. Unless we do more in the way of prevention, the church, the government, and industry all three will not be able to establish enough treatment centers to cope with the increasing numbers of alcoholics who are now said to number nine million.

CARL W. BERRY
Viroqua, Wis.

PASTOR FINDS NO LACK OF CALLS FOR HIS HELP

The article on the Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center was extremely interesting. It is encouraging to know that such things are being done to help meet a growing problem in the nation.

In the middle of the article, however, some comments attributed to the Rev. Bob Adams make me want to register protest. I quote: "I think the church's attitude toward alcoholism is pretty archaic. We have done more harm than good by preaching total abstinence. People won't go to a minister for help if the minister has already condemned them. I don't see drinking as a sin. It is part of our culture—always has been, always will be."

Plenty of alcoholics ring my telephone at all hours of the day and night, and I have numerous personal contacts as well as attending meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous.

And about this reluctance to use the word "sin" when talking about alcohol: Why don't we just admit, all of us, that we are sinners and go on from there?

And finally about drinking as "part of our culture": You can say that again! Ours is an alcoholic culture. But I can name 50 sins that are a part of our culture. And who's under judgment—the church or our culture? Maybe both, but certainly the culture is!

The rest of the article is swell!

EDWIN M. WALKER, Pastor
Lindsay United Methodist Church
Lindsay, Okla.

CHURCH DOES PROVIDE STAFF AT ALCOHOL CENTER

Thank you for Martha Lane's excellent article, *Concern + Action = Change*. In response to the statement from Dr. Thomas E. Price on the lack of United Methodist involvement with alcoholism treatment, I can report that he is correct concerning such facilities in the northwest corner of the U.S. They are, as he stated, for the most part private or state supported.

You may be interested to know, however, that two United Methodist ministers are currently appointed to the staff of SWARF Center (Southwest Washington Alcoholism Recovery Foundation), a private, nonprofit foundation partially supported by the state.

It is perhaps even more significant that the original impetus for this center—quite similar to Valley Hope—came from a Methodist layman, L. M. Woodworth, and that original funds for the project came from his church, East Vancouver United Methodist.

JOHN C. SOLTMAN, Director
SWARF Center
Vancouver, Wash.

TRUE MORAL ISSUE OF INFLATION MISSED

Your March Viewpoint, *Inflation Is a Christian Concern*, neglected to mention the true moral issue behind inflation.

Only the federal government may legally create money. When powerful unions force wages higher without a corresponding increase in output, when the government makes handouts to pressure groups which produce nothing in return, when misplaced generosity leads legislators to favor the aged or another class with special benefits, the money to make it all possible can be provided only by increasing the money supply. That means more dollars are put into circulation, but no more goods and services are available. Hence, the price of everything goes up, or conversely, the value of the dollar goes down.

As Christians, we are responsible for caring for, loving, and helping our unfortunate fellowmen. We should do it willingly, generously, unselfishly. When we succumb to the blandishments of legislators who promise to feed, clothe, house, educate, and heal the downtrodden, we are simply failing to live up to the charge Christ placed upon us. The result is we hand over our responsibility to a massive

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...bureaucracy, hoping it won't cost us quite as much that way.

Hence, the specter of inflation haunts us all because no one is willing to face up to the fact that all that generosity must be paid for in charity willingly given, or in added taxes.

GEORGE F. PLATTS
Ormond Beach, Fla.

EVIDENCE OF HOLY SPIRIT'S WORK MAKES IT WORTHWHILE

Your article *Lay Witnesses Come to Peking* [February, page 4] gives an excellent rundown on the background and schedule of most Lay Witness Missions. It brought back many wonderful memories of the eight missions I've been privileged to attend.

But I felt there was something missing. The fantastic love and the tangible evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit are so powerful in most missions. You hardly touched on that. I know it is difficult to put His work into words, but it is just this action that makes the whole effort of the mission worthwhile.

CHARLOTTE CLARK
Roanoke, Ind.

NEW ATTITUDE ON CHINA NOT SHARED BY ASIANS

Helen Johnson's discerning article, *China Today* [January, page 10], is valuable as a description of the new American attitude toward Communist China. It does not, of course, represent Asians. Rightly or wrongly, there is little interest in the Christian-Marxist dialogue, and little sympathy for current efforts to cooperate for "peace, democracy, and social progress."

The Communists have yet to make their case with the Chinese Diaspora (upward of 30 million people) around the rim of Southeast Asia, and especially in Hong Kong and Taiwan. The Presbyterian Church in Taiwan, speaking for 200,000 Christians, recently published a statement including this paragraph:

"We, the people of Taiwan, love this island which either by birth or chance is our home. Some of us have roots here going back a thousand years; the majority count a residence of two or three centuries, while some have come since the Second World War. We are all well aware of our different backgrounds and even conflicts, but at present we are more aware of a common certainty and shared



conviction. We long to live here in peace, freedom, and justice. We do not wish to be governed by Peiping.

"We oppose any powerful nation disregarding the rights and wishes of 15 million people and making unilateral decisions to their own advantage because God has ordained and the United Nations charter has affirmed that every people has the right to determine its own destiny."

After four years in the Far East, I surely agree.

T. OTTO NALL, Bishop
Hong Kong-Taiwan Area
The United Methodist Church
Taipei, Taiwan

GODSPELL: UNBELIEVERS' ATTEMPT TO EXPLOIT JESUS

I am appalled by Mrs. William J. Miller's letter in the February issue [page 50]. She thinks the sacrilegious rock musical *Godspell* represents the Jesus people. Actually, like the other rock opera, it is an attempt by unbelievers to make money off this new revival. I know of no Christian, old or young, who approves of it. But the sad fact is that for centuries the devil has been making people think that Christianity is something that it isn't, and with these musicals he is able to do it again. Any true Christian, including those that are students, regards Christ as the Master, not just a man as *Godspell* portrays him.

No real Jesus person thinks of Christ as a clown or that the Christian life is a carnival. As a high-school freshman and one of His servants, I know that the play is, as Mrs. Miller put it, "a devilish display," but it is not a product of the Jesus Revolution.

On the *Today* show the creator of *Godspell*, an admitted nonbeliever, said that he wrote the musical because he wanted to do something about "mythology." There we have the proof that although *Godspell* is about Christ, it is not Christian.

CLARK HUMPHREY
Marysville, Wash.

'CHRIST WOULD WANT US TO SHOUT, NOT WHISPER'

Head to foot Hallelujah! How we need more of it! I only have sympathy for those who criticize *Godspell*. They obviously have not had the privilege of seeing it. I did and am thankful for the experience. My two daughters, Kathy, 10, and Nancy, 5, and my nephew, David, 11, went with my mother and me. David had read the Book of Matthew and felt the play followed the Scripture closely. Kathy read it afterward and was delighted to find new life in those stories. Nancy has almost worn out our record. She loves the songs and sings them constantly.

Joy in knowing Christ—yes! But there is more in the play. Listen to the words of the song, *Day by Day*: "Love Thee more dearly, / See Thee more clearly, / Follow Thee more nearly . . ." That is a responsibility that we accept when we declare Christ as our Savior. And that theme is ever present in the play.

We have become so stick-in-the-mud about our religion. No joy or enthusiasm. Christ would want us to shout—shout loudly, not whisper as many do—about following him. But being enthusiastic and joyful about Christ does not lessen the thoughts of the cross. But the cross is not the end. He is risen! That is reason for head-to-foot hallelujah!

MRS. ROGER W. BECKLUND
Minneapolis, Minn.

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—George P. Miller • Page 8—The Record Hackensack, N.J. • 10—Sherman Skeete • 11—World Wide Photo • 30-31-32-33—Elmo Waltner • 54—Rosemarie Sommers • 55 L—John D. Slack R—Joseph W. Shaw • 58—Toni Angermeyer from *Animal Babies* by Max Alfred Zoll, courtesy Hill and Wang • 65—Bob Higbee • 4-5-7-8-9-16-21-56—George P. Miller.

Teens

By DALE WHITE

PEACE is not just an intellectual idea with you young people today. Your generation seems to feel the scandal of war with a new kind of intensity. You long for peace and hope for peace with great passion. Your faith that men of goodwill everywhere will take world peace to heart is a force our nation desperately needs.

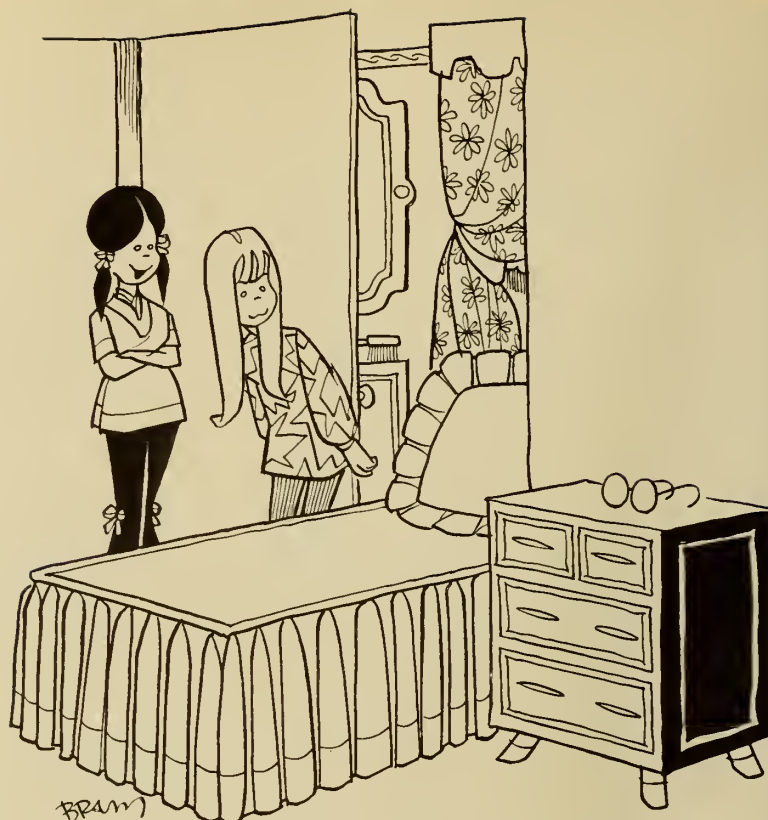
The junior-high class at the West Barrington United Methodist Church in Rhode Island can lead us into prayers for peace. These are the words of several of them:

"Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me. Let me guide my brother into peace forever. Let the wars stop and peace ring out. Let all men realize what love and peace is. When they do, let them rejoice because the only way there will be peace is through love."

"God, we wish for peace. We want a real peace, not a peace that looks good on paper, not a formal peace treaty. We just want quiet. No yelling and hollering. I want to be me. Quiet me; please help calm my soul. I love you! That's what we all should say and this, too: Peace to my fellowman."

"Father, peace is a thing of beauty and when the world is peaceful, everyone is happy and secure. But at time of war things do not contain peace. They contain hate and hate is one thing the world does not need now. Lord, help us keep peaceful and keep peace a part of our lives forever. We all know that there will always be violence in the world, but if there is a way that you can help us, then please do."

"Dear Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, please give me peace. And help poor mistreated children. Help the UNICEF kids. Stop all the wars. The world needs peace. Please help all of the poor guys in the prison camps. Lord, we are a dying race. We are slowly killing ourselves and our brothers and sisters. Please free us from the chains that bind us. Weld us all together and help us to be united. Help us to love one



"Oh, they're just to find my contact lenses when I lose them."

another, especially those within our own families. Amen."

"God, please give us peace. All we want is peace. Help end the Viet Nam war and help end all the wars. War isn't healthy. It kills people and other living things. Help us to get peace and end strife in Northern Ireland and India. And, wherever anything is going wrong, help the people to fix it."



I am a student from a small school who would like to become an exchange student. My school has an enrollment of only 200 so it has no exchange program.

I am the president of the local UMYF, an above-average student, and I have an outgoing personality so I believe that I could succeed as an exchange student if given the chance.

Do you know of any programs that might help me?—M.R.

Have you tried International Christian Youth Exchange? It is a wonderful program. We know from personal experience because our daughter Becky did her senior year

in Brazil under ICYE. Now our daughter Terry has just started her senior year in Brazil (their school year begins in March). Becky's Brazilian family helped to find a place for Terry.

Under ICYE, young persons from overseas, 16-19 years of age, spend a year in the USA, sharing life with a family. American youth, ages 16-18, spend a year overseas—participate in family, school, and community life, and discover themselves as they discover the world. It costs \$700 to bring a student here and \$1,050 to send one abroad.

For information and application forms, write to: ICYE Office, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.



This letter is written for those teen-agers who want to find God and who want to do something to help the world right now.

I'm finding out that if you can't find God, you should try Jesus Christ. I'm only beginning, but my outlook on life has been changed considerably by the Jesus People and rock gospel. If you truly want to know Jesus you will find him in

"Please take care of my sister..."

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother: "Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

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(And if you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)



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TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.

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his teachings and his life. A number of sources are helping me—*Jesus Christ Superstar*; *The Robe*; *Good News For Modern Man*; and an increasing number of folk groups.

Don't be afraid to talk to people about Jesus. The members of folk and rock groups preaching about Jesus will welcome you and can be very helpful in explaining the Bible and applying it to the 20th century.

If you want to do something right now, why wait? You can help by doing volunteer work and by joining church groups. God has given you talents which will help to glorify him. It takes time and training to develop these talents to be of best use to his cause. Rely on God and start now in a small way: by changing your attitude

toward the people around you and helping them to enjoy life and the gifts he has given.—B.J.

Thanks for your witness. Growing numbers of kids are finding religious folk and rock music opening up the reality of Christ for them. We have found that young people can teach adult congregations to worship in a more joyous mood by sharing the music, Scripture, and poetry which turns them on.

Ironically, in Prague we discovered that the young people who had been carefully coached in atheism by communist teachers are flocking to the churches to hear the great organs and choirs. They are discovering the Christ in the traditional music of the old church.

Maybe this shows that bland

The Carl Anderson family of Tallahassee, Fla., took on an interesting task when their daughter was asked to "give the Lord's Prayer, or something" as an opening devotional at school.

They decided to rewrite the Lord's Prayer in language which would make it come alive for the kids. Dozens of people asked for copies. You might be interested in the way it came out:

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, whose pad
is the very top floor,
We groove on the sound
of your name.

Lay it on heavy, man,
we'll spread the word;
And swing to the rhythm
as it is up there.

Send enough bread
to make the day,
We'll keep the faith,
and share it.

Don't put us down
when we blow it bad,
And we'll keep our cool
when we bleed.

Don't let us dig
on any bum trips,
Help us to split
the bad scene.

For love's the whole thing,
It comes on strong,
It makes us one with all.

Peace, brother, peace.*

Our Father
which art in heaven,
Hallowed be
thy name.

Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done
In earth,
as it is in heaven.

Give us this day
our daily bread.

And forgive us
our debts,
As we forgive
our debtors.

And lead us not
into temptation,
But deliver us
from evil:

For thine is the kingdom,
And the power,
And the glory forever.

Amen.

* Written by Carl, Linda, Becky, and Mark Anderson

secularism cannot feed the hunger of the human spirit. And the Christ will make himself known in a multitude of ways.



I am a regular reader of your Teens column, and respect your knowledge and experience in the field of counseling youth. I have noted frequently that you tend to be rather conservative in your responses. I can only assume that either your studies and experiences with troubled people have taught you to be conservative, or that you are personally a conservative person in some areas. Whatever the reason (if there is one) behind that, I don't think that's what's really wrong.

It seems to be more of a subtle biasing that is apparent in some of your answers to readers' questions. For instance, J.A. wrote (February, page 58) of her liking for a Negro boy in a community that frowns upon interracial dating. She was clearly unsure of her own views on the subject of "mixed" dating, and perhaps you sought to give her a safe, easy way out of her dilemma. You advised that she had "no choice" but to submerge her emotions—and individuality—in the prejudices of her community.

I believe that people—and especially teens, as they are usually beginning to reform or form their own values and beliefs—should be encouraged to become true individuals. Good advice is necessary and very helpful, but objectivity in giving advice is also vital to the welfare and growth of young people. Those who seek your help often take you very seriously—thus your responsibility is grave, indeed.

I know that it is extremely difficult to achieve objectivity in giving suggestions. Since you are called upon to give your personal "solutions" to problems, there will always be an amount of personal opinion in your responses. That is understandable, unavoidable, and perhaps even desirable. I do not question, either, your knowledge or experience.

What I am objecting to is the overuse of personal opinion to influence those who eagerly seek your help and advice. In cases like that of J.A., please refrain from preaching conformity to one's society. I'm not asking you to promote integration, either (though that would comply with my personal views very

nicely). I would just like to see a reasonably objective answer, which would also stimulate thinking on the part of the individual.

I believe that people's relation to other people is one of the most important things in the world today. (We could never hope to achieve a worldwide peace if we didn't consider abolishing racism and extreme nationalism.) Therefore, I ask you not to promote conformity instead of individuality; not to induce discouragement instead of hope; and not to stifle free thinking by the use of strong personal persuasion.—K.B.

Thanks for your thoughtful criticism. I do not consider myself a conservative on most social issues. Most of my ministry has been spent in the struggle for social justice, including seven years in Washington with our Board of Christian Social Concerns.

I just don't like to see kids get chewed up by their failure to realize the power of entrenched evil in society. Idealism is a virtue which needs the protection of wisdom. What I mean is that young people who wish to see their ideals take root in society need to study the best methods of social change. They need to ally themselves with groups and organizations which embody their ideals.

I am not opposed to interracial dating and marriage in principle. I am opposed to it in areas where the couple will get hurt, their parents suffer reprisals, and the community becomes embroiled to no good end.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of Teens since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference.

—Your Editors



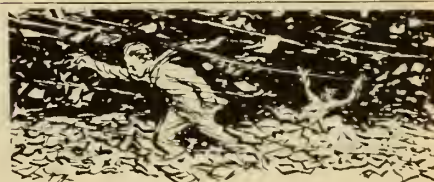
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CHARLES A. WELLS, editor and publisher of *Between The Lines*, has had many years experience in journalism; travels often abroad — Asia, Russia, the Mideast, Europe and Latin America. As a birthright member of the Society of Friends (Quakers), he early recognized the need for this kind of reporting.

BETWEEN THE LINES

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PEOPLE



EDREL A. COLEMAN . . . *Her clubs teach about drugs.*

ABOUT FOUR YEARS ago Mrs. Edrel A. Coleman, a sixth-grade teacher in Fort Wainwright, Alaska, noticed that her students were talking more and more about drugs. They began reporting in class what they had read and heard about drug use by high-school and college students.

The lifelong teacher wondered how best to teach the dangers of drugs to children. She wanted to combat the half-truths they had heard and also to avoid the scare tactics that some adults resort to when discussing drugs with youngsters. After much prayer and thought she had an idea. She would organize a club called HELP DAN (Help Educate Little People about Drugs-Alcohol-Nicotine). The club would use scientific facts to teach the dangers of drugs, alcohol, and tobacco to the human body. The pilot project in her Fort Wainwright school was a success. Soon Mrs. Coleman was helping start similar HELP DAN clubs in other Alaskan schools, then in other states.

A unique feature of the clubs, which meet twice a month during school hours, is that they are open to parents and other interested adults. "It is important that parents become active in a drug-abuse program," Mrs. Coleman says. "Is there a better place for them to be

active than where their children are active? In this way parents and children are able to get factual information and discuss true facts with one another. You know, too often parents have only half-truths and this won't work with children."

Mrs. Coleman and her husband, Victor, a retired United Methodist Army chaplain, now live in Port Charlotte, Florida. In addition to teaching fifth grade, HELP DAN's founder and director travels widely, talking to groups about her drug-education concept and helping establish clubs in schools. Clubs now are set up in four levels: HELLO DAN, grades 1-3; HELP DAN, grades 4-6; HEY DAN, grades 7-9; and HI DAN, grades 10-12.

If a pending federal grant is approved, Mrs. Coleman will become a full-time director of HELP DAN, Inc., traveling into every state, conducting workshops and seminars.

Mrs. Coleman calls the drug program "my most interesting hobby." She also enjoys reading, knitting, entertaining, boating, swimming, and corresponding with the Korean boy she sponsors through the Christian Children's Fund. She has received many community-service awards, including National Military Wife of the Year and Alaska State Mother, both in 1969. □



LOWELL D. FAIR, JR. . . . *Moon shot computer.*

LOWELL D. FAIR, JR., 33, one of the unheralded members of NASA's space team, is responsible for developing and modifying computer programs for prelaunch checkout and postlaunch data reduction of the Saturn V launch vehicle and the Apollo spacecraft. The story of how he attained his position at Kennedy Space Center in Florida is as dramatic as the moon shots themselves.

One day a couple of years before the Soviet Union launched history's first artificial satellite, 15-year-old "Butch" Fair and some other teen-agers were hunting. They hit 13 rabbits and a possum that day—and Butch. The wound left him paralyzed in both arms and legs.

Butch spent nine months in a Miami hospital, then entered a crippled children's home for therapy and rehabilitation. He completed grades 10 and 11 at the home, then finished high school from his own bedroom in Cocoa, Fla., thanks to a two-way intercom hookup with the school.

In the next few years Butch studied electronics, English, and commercial art in adult-education classes; became a ham radio operator; and sold home products door to door from an electric golf cart.

Then came his break. Through Florida's Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, Butch became interested in computer programming and won an all-tuition scholarship for a two-year course. He has been working at Kennedy Space Center ever since. Friends help him to and from the center and in and out of his ramp-equipped Volkswagen bus. The rest of the day he is on his own in a motorized wheelchair.

"With friends like I have, who could have failed?" says Butch, who is a member of First United Methodist Church in Cocoa. □



DON PERRY . . . *High-jump champion.*

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Don Perry of Albuquerque, N.Mex., proves all the time—but especially during track and field meets—that "you can't keep a good man down."

Although born with only one arm and one leg, Don took six first-place ribbons in high-jump competition in a half dozen junior-high meets last year. He also took second-place district honors with a five-foot eight-inch effort. When not "up in the air" at a track and field meet, Don may be playing tennis, biking, skiing, wrestling, or swimming. He has a shelf full of swimming trophies from his elementary-school days. The young athlete also manages his school's football, baseball, and basketball teams and coaches a baseball team at his church—St. John's United Methodist in Albuquerque.

The reason for Don's birth defect is unknown. But friends say the faith, love, and no-nonsense attitude of his parents, Donald and Charlotte Perry, are the chief reasons Don is able to lead such an unhandicapped life. "Don was born with an extra measure of courage and determination," his mother says. "He doesn't think of himself as handicapped—and therefore he isn't. He does whatever he makes up his mind to do."

Don drives a car he bought from summer earnings working on a drilling rig. Someday he hopes to be a gym coach. In the meantime he is an inspiration to his two younger sisters, one younger brother, and undoubtedly to countless other young people. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Are there more hypocrites today than ever before?

✦ Probably so because there are more people than ever before. When Bishop Gerald Kennedy wrote his book *For Preachers and other Sinners* (New York: Harper & Row, 1964), he was making a very important point. Under the searchlight of God's holiness, all of us are sinners. We have fallen short of the standards which we set for ourselves, to say nothing of perfect standards of

God. But there is no hypocrisy in the first place without the standards from which to fall. People are often quite diligent in setting standards which they seem to have no intention of keeping. In each of us there is both the saint and the sinner. There are times when none of us is as bad as our enemies describe us nor so good as we think we are in our best moments.

Is suicide a sin?

✦ In *Webster's New World Dictionary*, suicide has two meanings. First, it is "the act of killing one's self intentionally." It is easy for an outsider to suggest the intentions of one who takes his own life and easier still to call it sin. The second definition comes closer to all of us: "ruin of one's interests or prospects through one's own actions, policies, etc."

What of people who slowly yet in-

tentionally kill themselves by food, drink, or loss of rest? What of fatal drinking-driving accidents? What of policies that lead to violence and death? In so far as human beings can read motives, all intentional destruction of life is sin. But since God alone knows the full intention of any person, the real question becomes: To what extent do we follow practices and policies that destroy our own lives?

In what sense is marriage a divine institution?

✦ Recent critics of marriage have suggested that it is no longer divinely appointed nor sociologically workable for millions of people. The high rates of marital infidelity and divorce seem to bear them out. Christians must recognize that the sentimental reasons for marriage will not impress a new and skeptical generation. It is simply not enough to say that "the family that prays together stays together." Under the pressures of our age, praying families may not stay together. A family must do many things together: pray, experience growing pains, travel, worship, plan, and even disagree.

Marriage publicly and solemnly ex-

presses a covenant relationship which is akin to that between Christ and his church. To be sure, I have known common-law unions of love and trust. But I have also known such unions to end on something as casual as a trip out of town. The question here is not "Why marry?" but "Why not?"

Marriage is divine in that it provides the highest opportunity for the expression of many God-given powers. Chief among these are the ability to procreate, the opportunity to relate to another person on the deepest level of intimacy, and the ability to share one's highest life in a close circle of persons called a family.



Metamorphosis

by Amanda Browne

The heavens cried the night that you were born.
Wild winds whipped 'round the winter almond, sped
The last curled leaf to earth from which it sprung.
Remote inside the warm green sterile room,
I heard the storm's advancing crash and din.
But how could outer strife affect my joy
At bringing a new life into the world?
The moment of the miracle arrived:
Your cry stirred up a maelstrom of delight —
I whirled within it, treasuring the sound.
And then, at last, I was allowed one glimpse
Of you, serene and swaddled to your chin.
What's that? What does the gentle doctor say?
"This child was born with a defect. She is
Not whole —" (his words honed sharp for cutting clean).
From that time on the sympathy poured in
From relatives who wanted to be kind,
To say a word to set our lives a-right.
Our friends all sympathized. I could not hear.
I was a molten mass of grief, mourning you,
Mourning us, mourning the world which must endure
Such tragedies as babies with no hands.
My eyes, tear-blinded, could not see the truth:
That your bright spirit would unfold, and from
Its chrysalis bring forth such tenderness
That I, in loving you, would come near God.

BOOKS

CLIFFORD IRVING's attempt to sell his "autobiography" of Howard Hughes to a reputable publisher leaves a very, very bad taste in the mouths of people in publishing. This is the kind of hoax that every publisher dreads, and every editor tries to develop the sixth sense that will guard against it.

To a serious writer, too, this kind of trick is on a par with slipping poison into soup.

The whole mess has gotten me to thinking what we can reasonably expect of an author. Honesty, of course, and with it the knowledge of the subject that allows the writer to be honest. Then there is style, which is a highly personal affair. Some writers could make the Second Coming of Christ sound commonplace and dull, others can create a sparkling experience out of going to the mailbox on the corner.

Educators and scientists have a habit of taking refuge in technical terminology and interminably long sentences. And many amateur writers give you the feeling that they are standing off on a hill somewhere, lost in admiration of their ability to put words on paper and too self-conscious to be fully honest about anything.

Technical terminology can be excused in textbooks if it is used as the in-group shorthand it is meant to be. But a textbook has no more need to be slow-paced and ponderous than a book that is written for lay readers. And I have discovered that real experts in any field are able to express themselves in clear, sparkling English that even I can understand. That is communication, and it's what I hope for every time I pick up a book. Sometimes I think we are too patient with bad writing.

When he was a boy, Max Alfred Zoll cut pictures of animals out of the newspapers and pasted them in a notebook that became his favorite book. Now he is the author of **Animal Babies** (Hill & Wang, \$4.50).

This entrancing picture book, printed in Germany and translated from the original German by Violetta Castillo, manages to give small readers more information about animals from many lands than most picture books do. The photographs themselves, some in black and white and some in color, are superb.

Every summer from Maine to California young people take to the road. They "crash" with friends or sleep in the park. They hitchhike, it doesn't matter where. They are part of the subculture, alienated youth looking for a meaning to life that they couldn't find at home. Thousands of them are finding it in

High in the Andes a vicuna guards her foal. The most lovable members of the llama family, they are hunted ruthlessly because of their fine wool, says Max Alfred Zoll in Animal Babies.

a fervently expressed faith in Jesus Christ.

"You want a trip, man?" an ex-biker asks a spaced-out kid. "Try Jesus Christ. Man, it'll really blow your mind."

Campus Chaplain Roger C. Palms followed the Jesus Movement across the country, talking with Jesus Freaks, their parents, pastors, and other adults. He reports what he found in a sympathetic paperback, **The Jesus Kids** (Judson, \$1.95).

"The Jesus kids would welcome a response from the church," he says. "They cannot grow and serve the Lord on their own."

But while the radical switch from drugs and sex to witnessing and Bible reading has delighted some adults, others are concerned about the fanatic quality that characterizes many of the Jesus groups. Among these is Lowell D. Streiker, author of another paperback, **The Jesus Trip: Advent of the Jesus Freaks** (Abingdon, \$1.95).

After two weeks of living with Jesus People in California, the mother lode of the movement, he is concerned because groups were teaching their followers nothing more about the Bible and the Christian life than could be learned in an evening. He is particularly distressed by the emphasis on the



imminence of Christ's return, pointing that this inspires some Christians to dedicate their lives earnestly to the Christian gospel but others use it as an excuse to cop out and abandon responsibilities and discipline.

In *The Jesus Generation* (Zondervan, \$4.95, cloth; \$1.95, paper) Billy Graham agrees there are pitfalls in the movement—in some cases superficial and in some cases too emotional—but he believes that most of the characteristics of the Jesus Revolution are good.

"Some people say that this movement is a fad, and there is no doubt that there are faddish elements in it. At the same time, in the middle of it, thousands of these young people truly are being converted to Jesus Christ," he says.

His book welcomes them enthusiastically, but it is addressed primarily to young people who are outside the movement, "that alienated, rebellious, uncommitted majority." For them Dr. Graham writes with the same tension, fervency, and persuasion that he puts into his sermons.

Two thousand years after the apostle Paul journeyed through the Roman Empire telling the story of Jesus and shaping the faith that became Christianity, two white-haired, balding Englishmen retraced his steps to make a TV film for the British Broadcasting Corporation. These were school friends Malcolm Muggeridge, a journalist whose caustic wit has made him a favorite on British radio and television, and Alec Vidler, well known in England as an educator, author, lecturer, and a preacher.

Paul, Envoy Extraordinary (Harper & Row, \$5.95) is a print record of their journey. Much of it is in dialogue, and it is illustrated liberally with reproductions of paintings and drawings as well as color pictures of places that Paul—and the authors—visited.

It is a valuable companion to the Book of Acts and Paul's letters in the New Testament.

Nearly one in every three American marriages ends in the divorce court. Some researchers estimate that at least 75 percent of our marriages are ailing. Faced with such statistics, a lot of people are wondering why they should take a chance on such a shaky institution. Why not just live together?

Nena and George O'Neill, a husband-and-wife team of anthropologists, suggest that it will be a long time, if ever, before marriage dies

Fiction



WHEN a fellow has reviewed fiction for *Together* for more than 15 years, his attitude becomes that of Ecclesiastes, "Is there a thing of which it is said, 'See, this is new'? It has been already, in the ages before us" (Ecclesiastes 1:10).

So when a book came to me the other day—JESUS ON HORSEBACK by John Reese (Doubleday, \$7.95)—suddenly my spirit was not Ecclesiastes but the gospel. For this book proved to be such a delight that when one of my preachers brought the author in to see me, it was indeed a high moment of the year. I want everybody to read it because it combines two categories perfectly: it is both a "religious" book and it is a western.

Rolf Ledger has been in jail but is finally pardoned because he was not guilty. He became the chaplain's assistant while in prison. Without any idea of becoming a minister, circumstances force him into becoming the pastor of a church while all the time he is insisting he is not a real preacher and he is going to get out of the whole thing as soon as possible. Reluctantly, he is forced to continue and accept ministerial responsibilities with no desire to do so.

He deals with the usual kind of people a preacher always has to deal with. There is the hypocrite, the non-churchman in the community, the gossip, the poor, and the neglected just like we deal with today. Ledger is not a pious man but he is a fellow who simply moves in to do what ought to be done under the circumstances. And there emerges a great man and a great minister.

The thing that struck me overwhelmingly was the reality of the portrayals. John Reese knows these folks and there is not a phony line in the book. The contemporary preacher sees what the gospel does in its power and truth and takes new

heart. The frontier community was, of course, unique but the men who lived in it are the men who live in Los Angeles. Decency, character, without any trumpet blowing, are the qualities that endure and are admired. And all through it, the preacher not feeling qualified to fulfill the obligations of his calling seeks some escape and some way out, but there is no escape and he has to do what has to be done.

The book is divided into three main parts: *Angel Range*, *The Blow-Holers*, and *The Land Baron*. John Reese shows the situation from different points of view. But the reality of Rolf Ledger shines through the whole unity of this fine book. At the conclusion, his friends persuade Rolf Ledger that he must go out and talk to Delia who has shot her husband. She is a humble little woman who had been knocked around by this bum, and she still has five bullets in her gun. The sheriff is afraid she will kill him.

So Rolf gets on his horse and rides wearily out to prevent this tragedy from happening, and as he moves out Abe says, "Jesus on horseback. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' And before I knowed what I was doing, I had said, 'Amen!' It sure was a spooky feeling."

In preparation for a book I am writing, I read the Gospels through again in the New English Bible. It revealed to me how we have let layers of orthodoxy cover the fresh, exciting meanings of Jesus Christ. *Jesus on Horseback* without preaching tells a story that does the same thing.

—GERALD H. KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

The conference hour was late and Bishop Charles F. Golden hurried to complete the reading of the ministerial appointments for the following year. For several churches no pastor was available, so the bishop spoke the customary phrase: "To be supplied." But he elicited much laughter when he read: "Tamalpais Valley, to be supplied."

—The Rev. William C. Sanford
Crescent City, Calif.

"In your sermon this morning," the young parent commented, "you spoke about a baby being a new wave on the ocean of life."

"That's right," answered the minister. "Do you think a fresh squall would have been nearer the truth?"

—Bill Johnstone, Lebanon, Tenn.

A church in Houston carried this bulletin announcement for weekend drivers: "Drive carefully. It's not only cars that can be recalled by the maker!"

—Dorothy L. Crear, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

My six-year-old son is adjusting to the Space Age much more quickly than I am. On the eve of Apollo 11's historic flight, he concluded his bedtime prayer with "over and out."

—Mrs. R. C. Bowman, Jr.
Oak Ridge, N.C.

While preaching the funeral of a Mr. Hurts, my brother-in-law inadvertently said, "There will be no hurts in heaven."

—Stanley Cox, Phillipsburg, Kans.

My bargain-prone husband bought a dozen hand towels emblazoned with "Hotel Sacramento" at a surplus store and proudly hung them on every rod in the bathroom.

The next morning our minister stopped by unexpectedly, and we invited him to stay for lunch. Emerging from the bathroom, he seated himself at the table and dryly inquired, "Know any good hotels in Sacramento?"

—Mrs. Virginia Parrott
Redwood City, Calif.

Don't just laugh at the next church-related chuckle you hear. Jot it down on a postcard and send it to TOGETHER. If we use it, you'll be \$5 richer. But no stamps please; we can't return those not accepted.

—Your Editors

out, and they offer an alternative. **Open Marriage: A New Life Style for Couples** (Evans, \$6.95) describes marriages that allow each couple to draw upon their individual qualities in developing a relationship that is uniquely suited to them. Beginning with the acceptance of each other as true equals, acknowledging the importance of self, it can grow into open and honest communication, flexibility in roles, open companionship, and sex without jealousy.

Such a marriage, say the O'Neills, themselves married 26 years, brings a continued renewal and expansion through the individual growth of each partner.

A ticket-splitter is a Republican or Democrat who doesn't vote a straight party ticket. These are the most discriminating voters in our democratic system, and they offer the best hope for the revitalization of American democracy say the authors of **The Ticket-Splitter: A New Force in American Politics** (Eerdmans, \$4.95, cloth; \$2.95, paper).

This book about a new force in American politics is the work of V. Lance Tarrance, special assistant to the director of the Bureau of the Census, and political science professor Walter DeVries, who believe that the 1972 presidential campaign will be won by the candidate who best communicates with the ticket-splitters.

"Declaring ourselves to be God's Chosen People, created in his image, the living remnant of the lost Black Nation, Israel, we come together as brothers and sisters in the Black Christian Nationalist movement. We are disciples of the Black Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth, who by his life, and by his death upon the cross, teaches us that nothing is more sacred than the liberation of Black people.

"We covenant together, and pledge our total commitment to the task of rebuilding a Black Nation with power, here on earth. We will do whatever is necessary to achieve self-determination for Black people. We will fight the injustice, oppression, and exploitation of all Black people. . . ."

Albert B. Cleage, Jr., pastor of the Shrine of the Black Madonna, in Detroit, and national chairman of the Black Christian Nationalist Movement, interprets the movement's covenant in a powerfully written, impassioned book, **Black Christian Nationalism: New Directions for the Black Church** (Morrow, \$8.95, cloth; \$3.45, paper).

The black church must become the black liberation movement, he declares, because it is the only American institution controlled by blacks and thus the only available structure in which the movement can lodge.

Outlining the long-term goal of Black Christian Nationalism as Pan-Africanism and the reassembling of black people in their African homeland, Mr. Cleage calls for the rediscovery of the original teachings of Jesus and the nation Israel. Pointing to the long African stay of the Children of Israel, he is convinced that the people of Israel were black and Jesus was the black messiah for whom they waited.

Constance Hieatt retells one of the earliest legends of the Grail in **The Sword and the Grail** (Crowell, \$4.50). This is the story of Perceval, a lad who set out to be a knight and committed comic blunders along the way. He also found adventures, the strangest of all an encounter with the noble Fisher King, who lay mysteriously wounded in his great castle until Perceval freed him and his land from evil enchantment and thus became the noblest of King Arthur's knights.

Some readers will be surprised to find that the grail in this early Arthurian legend was neither holy nor a chalice. Instead, it probably was derived from a Celtic horn of plenty.

Like all good books for young people, this one is written with style enough to hold readers of any age,



"Look it up in the Bible
and tell me what it means!"

and readers old enough to remember the Wyeth illustrations of King Arthur stories will feel at home with David Palladini's drawings.

Shortly after Dr. Samuel Johnson completed his monumental *Dictionary of the English Language*, a friend suggested that he might not have fully comprehended what a big job it was going to be when he undertook it. Dr. Johnson retorted: "Yes, Sir. I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well."

Modesty was not one of Samuel Johnson's traits as Christopher Hibbert reveals them in *The Personal History of Samuel Johnson* (Harper & Row, \$8.95). This is an irresistibly readable biography of the eccentric 18th-century essayist and editor.

Tolerance wasn't one of Dr. Johnson's virtues, either. He and John Wesley were contemporaries and friends, but he impatiently condemned the father of Methodism for believing in a ghost without taking more pains to "enquire into the evidence." Because he was inquisitive and compulsively magisterial, Samuel Johnson welcomed every opportunity to look into evidence.

It takes a special kind of courage to tackle a biography of Dr. Johnson because his own friend and contemporary, James Boswell, did such a meticulously complete biographical job on him that the very name Boswell has come to mean biographer. Christopher Hibbert, however, has brought it off, drawing upon every known contemporary source to create a vivid portrait of an extraordinary and gifted man.

Whether you believe in ghosts or not, it's fun to read about them. Psychic investigator Hans Holzer does believe in them and has compiled a pictorial register of the world's most interesting ghost houses in *Hans Holzer's Haunted Houses* (Crown, \$5.95). In some of the pictures you can see what appear to be some of the ghosts themselves.

A couple of months ago *Together* carried a feature article on drama as a tool for Christians. This month I want to mention more on that subject—a paperback titled *This Dramatic World* (Friendship Press, \$1.50).

This down-to-earth discussion of what contemporary drama has to say to us is by Alfred R. Edyvean, who directs an outstanding repertory theater program at Christian Theological Seminary, Indianapolis. He points

out the underlying meanings in plays like *Murder in the Cathedral*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and *Death of a Salesman* and reminds us, in an introductory chapter, that drama in the Western world began as worship.

The riots, wars, and assassinations of the 1960s are too recent for us to look back at them without pain. But in *Coming Apart* (Quadrangle, \$12.50) historian William L. O'Neill says that measured against the twenties and thirties the sixties don't look so bad. Domestic horrors weren't any worse, and real progress was perhaps more impressive.

Coming Apart is an informal history of America in the sixties.

Responding to books that dwell on rapidly changing technology without telling us how to cope with it, Reuel L. Howe has written *Survival Plus* (Seabury, \$4.95), which looks at survival as a positive process that calls for new stages of individual and social growth.

Dr. Howe, who is director of the Institute for Advanced Pastoral Studies, has written a number of successful books for general readership. This is the most wide ranging of them all. It considers marriage, family, the use of time, the growth and limits of awareness, worship, racism, and differences between generations.

Mothers of young children have a kindred spirit in Irene Harrell. She was one of six children, has six of her own, and her days are as full of small disasters, frustrations, confusions, and humor as any mother's.

Like other mothers, she doesn't have much peace and quiet for meditation, but she believes that if you try to look for God in everything, you can increase all that's happy and comfortable in human life. *Ordinary Days With an Extraordinary God* (Word, \$3.95) is her second book of "prayerables"—brief Bible passages followed by short meditations and even shorter prayers. Many a woman will hear herself in them.

Harper & Row senior editor Cass Canfield has had a perfectly marvelous time all his life, and his autobiography, *Up & Down & Around* (Harper's Magazine Press, \$8.95), is correspondingly serene and good-humored. It also bespeaks a flexible mind and a lively curiosity.

—Helen Johnson

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TOGETHER with the Small Fry

Stacey, Tracey, and

LOOK what we found, Mommy," called Stacey excitedly.

"He followed us, Mommy, he really did." Tracey was holding a long brown puppy with floppy ears.

"He was in front of that empty house down the street. Maybe he doesn't belong to anybody," said Stacey pleadingly.

Mommy looked at the tag around the puppy's neck. "Yes, he does. This is his license."

"But Mommy, we never saw him before. Please, can't we keep him?" Tears were beginning to shimmer in the two girls' eyes.

"When we rented this house, Mr.

Smith said no pets," reminded Mommy. "I heard a black family was to move into the empty house yesterday. Maybe the little dog belongs to them. Let's have lunch, and then you can walk back and see if someone is there. The puppy can have some lunch with us."

After lunch, the two girls walked slowly back to the house down the street, carrying the puppy. A little girl sat on the front steps, crying.

"Is this your puppy?" called Stacey, hoping it wasn't.

"He followed us," added Tracey.

The little girl looked up. "Hotdog!" she cried, rushing down the steps and

hugging the dog. Stacey and Tracey giggled. "Hotdog?"

"What's your name?" asked Stacey.

"Alice," said Alice. "What's yours?"

"We're twins," said Tracey. "I'm Tracey and she's Stacey."

"What grade are you in?" asked Stacey.

"Second grade," answered Alice, squeezing Hotdog.

"So are we," Tracey said. "Maybe we'll be in the same room." She looked at Stacey, who nodded her head. "You want to go with us on Monday?"

"Do you want me to? I'm scared to go alone. My mamma works."



Storm Wolf

Storm is a gray wolf
Prowling the sky
Growling and grumbling.
His ravenous cry
Makes poplars shudder
And grasses leap
Upright in the garden,
Like children from sleep.

The sun is a hunter
With arrows of song,
Chasing the storm wolf
Smartly along
The cloud banked horizon
Through a forest of rain.
And he tethers the storm wolf
With a bright rainbow chain.

—Maxine Jennings

Alice-Called-Lacey

The three girls stood looking at one another.

"You don't look black," said Stacey. "You look like Marybelle and Steve in our class."

Alice giggled. "Mamma calls me her chocolate drop." She looked at the twins' light brown hair and freckles. "You don't look white, either."

"Our mother calls us her toasted marshmallows," said Tracey. The three girls giggled and giggled until Alice's mother came to the door.

"Look, Mamma, they brought Hotdog home." Alice was still squeezing the squirming puppy. "This is Stacey

and this is Tracey. We're all in second grade, and they said they'd take me to school on Monday."

"Lacey, I hope you said 'Thank you' for bringing Hotdog home. Do you girls have a dog?" Alice's mother asked.

"No," said Stacey and Tracey together, sadly.

"We rent so we can't have a pet," Tracey explained.

"Take the puppy into the backyard, girls. I think I can find some cookies. Lacey, be sure the gate is shut tightly."

The girls sat on a little patch of lawn. Hotdog leaped around them

happily, licking first one girl and then another.

"You can come and play with me and Hotdog in my yard anytime," invited Alice.

"We can?" exclaimed Stacey and Tracey. "Oh, thank you!"

"You know something? We belong together," Stacey cried. "I'm Stacey, she's Tracey, and you're . . . Alice-called-Lacey!"

"And we're like a party, too," laughed Alice-called-Lacey, "we have a Hotdog, two toasted marshmallows, and a chocolate drop!"

—Esther J. Comstock

Jottings

It was just another manuscript, one of some 4,000 that *Together* receives every year. It bore the postmark of a Pennsylvania city, and arrived on a snowy morning in February. Type-written, double spaced, it was only 2½ pages in length.

As all manuscripts do, it found its way to the desk of Mrs. Sandra Leneau, who diligently searches the mail for promising material deserving further consideration by our editorial staff. She thought this one should be passed along.

"Cleverly written," she noted on her manuscript reader report. "Very realistic . . . quite readable!"

An associate editor agreed. "We haven't had anything like this, and we can use more light family-type material."

Then the manuscript passed through the office to the desk of our managing editor.

"It's hard to resist this," he noted. "In fact, I can't. Yes, let's take it . . ."

Final decision rested now with the editor. He read it only two days after it was removed from its envelope.

"As hard to refuse as the boy who

asks his dad to sleep out," commented the editor. "Let's buy."

What, you may be asking, is this all about? Has *Together* stumbled onto something immortal, a piece of writing that will go thundering down through the ages?

Not at all. Frankly, there is nothing world-shaking about **Ted Bradley's** short article in this issue [see page 29]. The author, an experienced writer, would be the first to acknowledge that his *He'll Be Tenting Soon* probably won't end up in an American literature textbook. But it does have what thousands of other manuscripts lack. The story is human. It has warmth. It speaks of our experience as children or parents. It is readable. It has nostalgic appeal. It is worth sharing with others. Those are a few of the reasons none of us here could turn thumbs-down on that particular submission.

What applies to manuscripts also applies to photographs. But **Miss Elma Waltner's** color pictures with *As Though Winter Never Was* . . . [pages 30-33] didn't come to us out of the blue. She asked us if we would be interested in this series before she went to the trouble and expense of mailing them from her home in Freeman, S.Dak.

We told Miss Waltner to go ahead because we remembered her outstanding pictures with *The Miracle of the Seed* which was published back in May, 1965. We knew she looks through her camera lens with the eye of a poet as well as that of a photographer, that she has both the skill and the feeling to record plowed earth and green growing things.

With our background of a few years on the farm, and a few summers of our own behind the plow, it wasn't too difficult for us to find the words to go along with the Waltner pictures. We must confess, however, that we did borrow the title from one of Miss Waltner's letters to us. She wrote that when spring brought "balmy breezes, gentle showers, and caressing sunshine," spreading "a gossamer green mantle over the landscape," it was "as though winter never was." Thank you for that line, Miss Waltner.

We also receive a great many cartoons. And again, as with the manuscripts, only a few have that indefinable quality that makes them

acceptable. Many cartoonists who possess technical skill fail to come up with the caption or situation that inspires a smile or a chuckle.

Not so the work of a Dutch cartoonist, **Cor Hoekstra** of Heerenveen, Holland, whose talent has earned him an international reputation at the age of 41.

"After the high school," he writes in pretty good English, "I studied for schoolteacher. I was a schoolteacher for about seven years until 1-1-62. On that date I stopped, and became a full-time professional cartoonist."

"I am publishing my cartoons in about 15 European countries, and in U.S.A., Canada, Japan, Israel, India, South Africa, Australia, and Pakistan. Since the years 1966 and 1967, I have very much success."

He lists a great many well-known newspapers and mass circulation magazines which have published his work. To readers in many countries he is known as "Cork," the nom de plume signed to his first contribution in *Together* [see

page 60]. The little pen-and-ink character reproduced herewith—which may or may not resemble the cartoonist himself—adorns all of Mr. Hoekstra's stationery.



Now that we have mentioned this particular cartoon, perhaps you will find it interesting to look up the biblical passage the bearded cartoon character has written on his placard. We did, and found ourselves in the midst of some of the greatest passages in the New Testament.

Before writing her major article, *The Church and Low-Income Housing* [pages 4-10], Associate Editor **Marti Lane** plowed through hundreds of thousands of words in search of background material. In fact, her file became so bulky that she decided to weigh the amount of paper involved. Not counting the books she consulted, her source material weighed 21 pounds. Weight of her final draft sent to the printer: about 18 ounces.

—Your Editors

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My Filtered Mask

I sing my songs to other singers.
With a searching soul and an iron mask
I walk alone mid the worldly swingers,
Wondering, thinking, What is my task?
Where am I going? Why can't I wait?
I'm running into and running from,
Arriving somewhere, usually late,
With my mind confused and my feelings numb.

Who are you or don't you know?
And if you do—how can you show me
What is right and what is good?

I'm for real!
Will someone try discussing me
Instead of just this mask they see?

—Janet M. Spellman



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Excerpts from the Communion service meditation, the opening session, the Episcopal Address, read by Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, will be posted April 18th.

Tapes 3 (April 22) and 4 (April 29) will contain reports of the discussion in committee and on the floor, commentary, and the observations of delegates, staff, visitors. The final tape will be mailed to you May 12th. This to permit the editors time to digest the actions of the Conference and place the Conference in perspective for the church membership.

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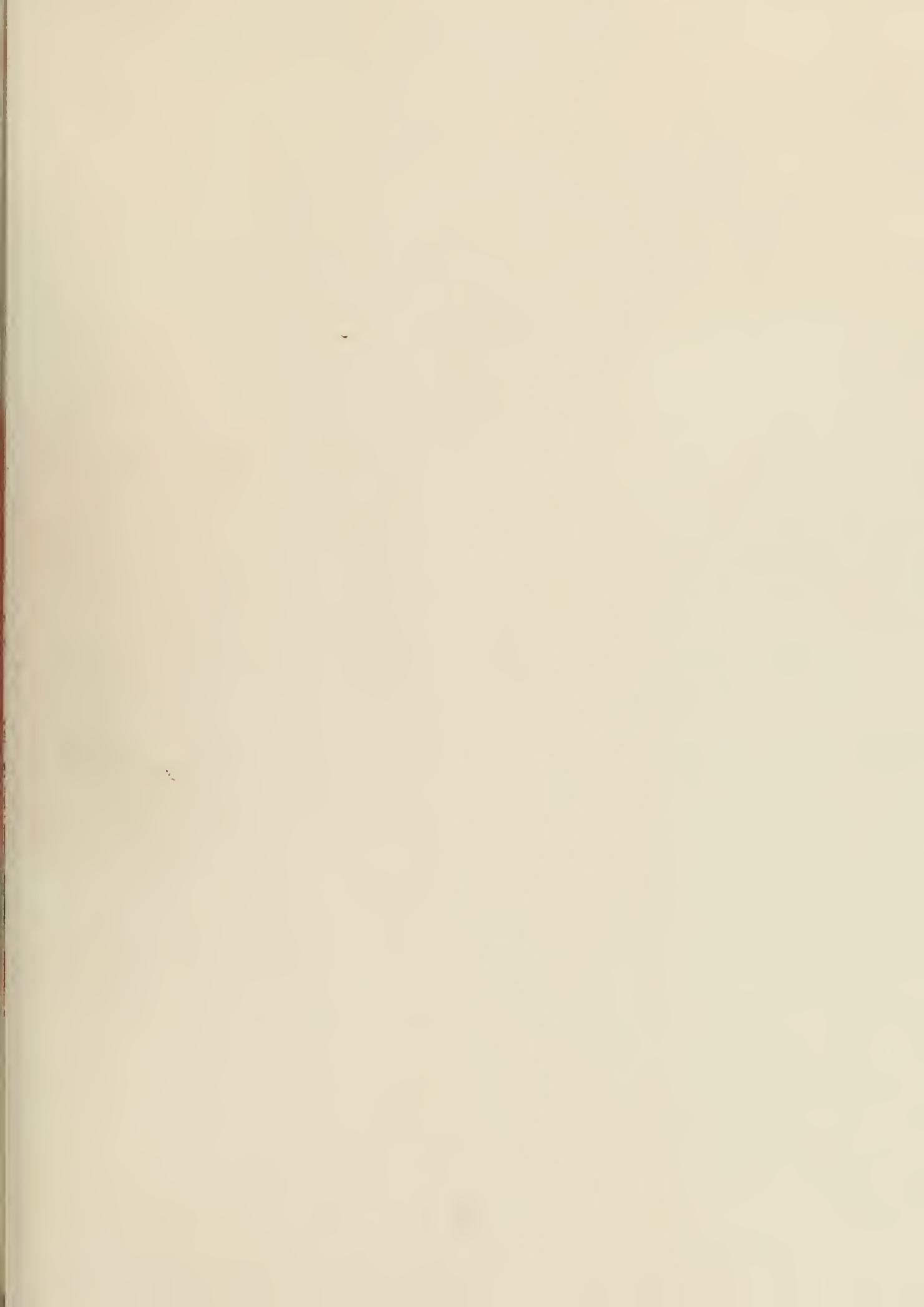
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